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MAR. 1

VOGUE

©



PARIS AND AMERICA:

VOGUE'S PRIVATE LINE ON THE FASHION NEWS

RICHARD BURTON WRITES ABOUT ELIZABETH TAYLOR

90°

CANOE

Dana

PARIS – FRANCE

EAU DE
COLOGNE

Dana

MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE



E. ANTHES

White Rice exclusive at $275

is *this* Spring's white—faintly creamed, and cropping up in our fashion-midst with the regularity of a clock-tick. Here, running *with* the grain of the season's newest cuttings, it appears in a little body-skimming coat that cuts a crisp young figure. Done in a new shadow-ribbed dry-faced gabardine, it comes in white rice as well as a palette of beautiful pastels—pale almond, dawn blue or dove grey.

Misses' sizes. Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



Hood

There's a change in the air—

this coat, this cut,

shaped and seamed by the tailor's tailor. Ben Zuckerman's new, slim spring coat is navy or pewter grey worsted, its slightly wider shoulders set off with a white linen collar—325.00

Designer coat collections, at all Lord & Taylor stores

MARCH 1, 1965

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

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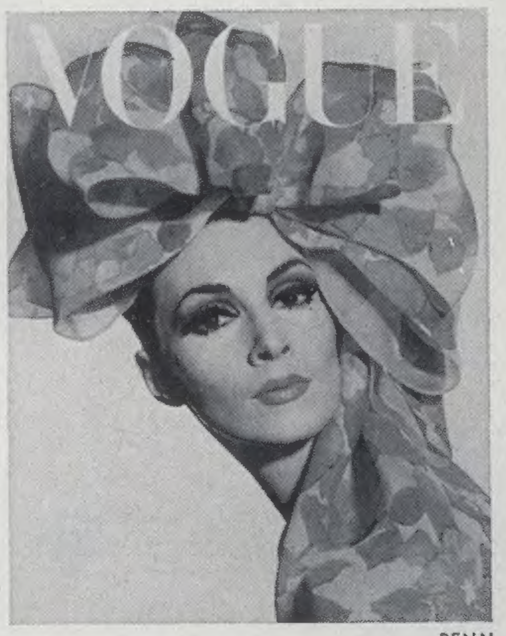
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PENN

COVER: The fun of a glorious hat in a blaze of silk organza flowers with a great pouf of bow and broad streamers pouring down over the shoulders—a delicious way to surround yourself with sunlight all spring and summer. On the lips, Pink Love lighted by an undercoat of Secretly Coral. By Jaquet. Hat by Adolfo, of Bianchini fabric at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus.

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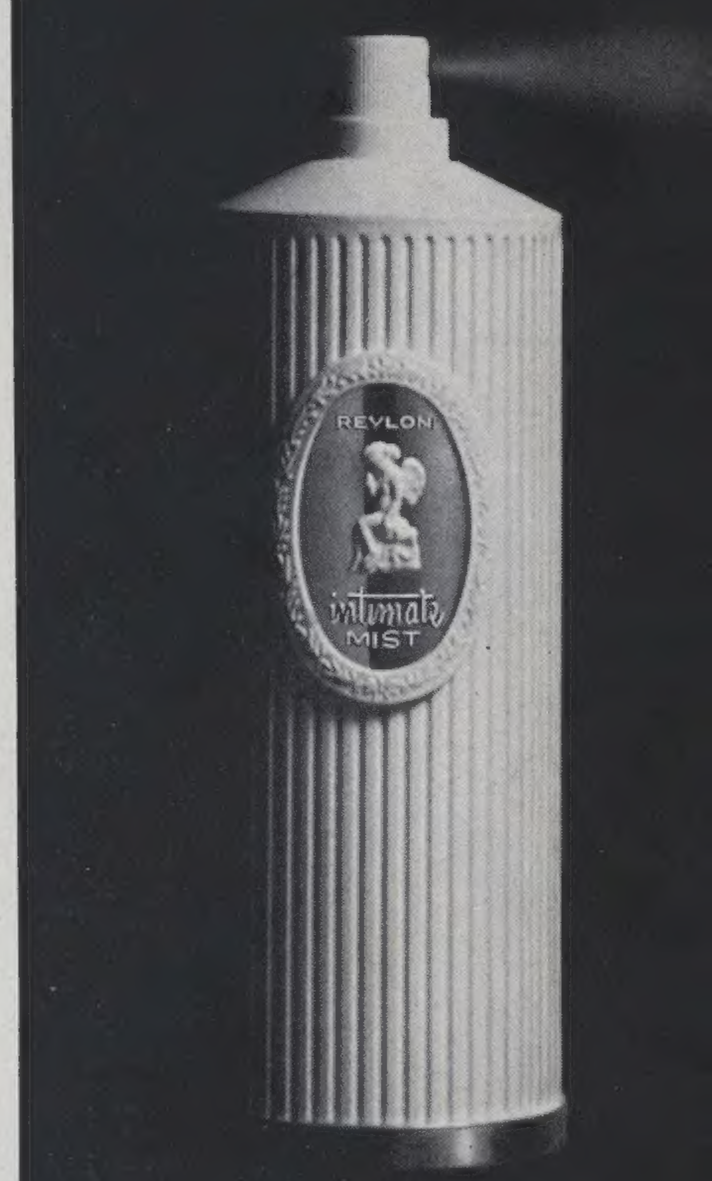
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A MOST EXTRAORDINARY FRAGRANCE... NOW IN A NEW SPRAY MIST!



4 OUNCES 4.75 PLUS TAX

'INTIMATE' BY REVLON

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES



Charles Howard for Townley, the compleat costumer. And never more so than in the coat, the skirt, in deep rib, weather-anything twill by Galey and Lord, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 18. A Division of Burlington Industries.

Burlington QUALITY

Galey & Lord

KENNETH PAUL BLOCK



SUIT WITH DIVIDED INTEREST FROM BONWIT'S DESIGNER SALON

Great idea by Bill Blass
of Maurice Rentner...
a suit of imported
Italian checked cotton,
the jacket a masterpiece
of shaping and detail,
the divided skirt
demanding equal attention.
In robin's egg blue and white
or fern green and white.
6 to 12 sizes, 200.00
With side wrapped skirt
for sizes up to 16, 185.00
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From a spring and
summer collection
to be found now
in our Designer Salon,
it has...

THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH

BONWIT TELLER

New York Manhasset Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

"À Go-Go" creation of S.F.A's Coiffure Design Studio—an artful, understated shaping for spring-into-summer... a "just-enough" coif to make all others look passé.



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

New York • White Plains • Springfield • Garden City • Washington • Pittsburgh • Chicago • Detroit • Ft. Lauderdale • Phoenix • Beverly Hills

S.F.A's braid-edged dress and jacket costume—deftly tailored of a nubby Italian rayon, cotton and silk blend with contrasting linen-weave rayon collar and bodice. In white and black with gold collar and bodice, or white and navy with red, $119. Dress Collections.



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

"Cantrece" is Du Pont's T.M. Look for it in leading hosiery brands, at fine stores everywhere. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics, stockings or fashions shown.



$7.50

Go ahead, pick one

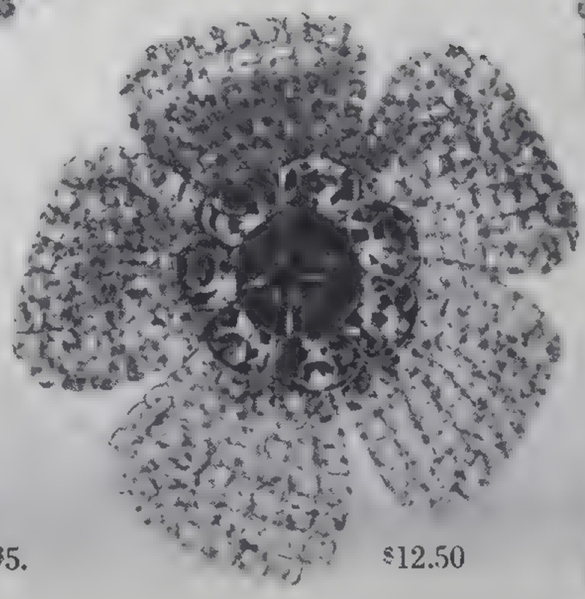
One look at
these brilliant new
pins and you
feel you've been
kissed by sunshine.
It's twinkling there
in the depths . . .
along with a
rainbow or two.
Treat yourself,
forget winter.
Large choice of
gloom-dispelling
pastel colors,
gay but not gaudy.



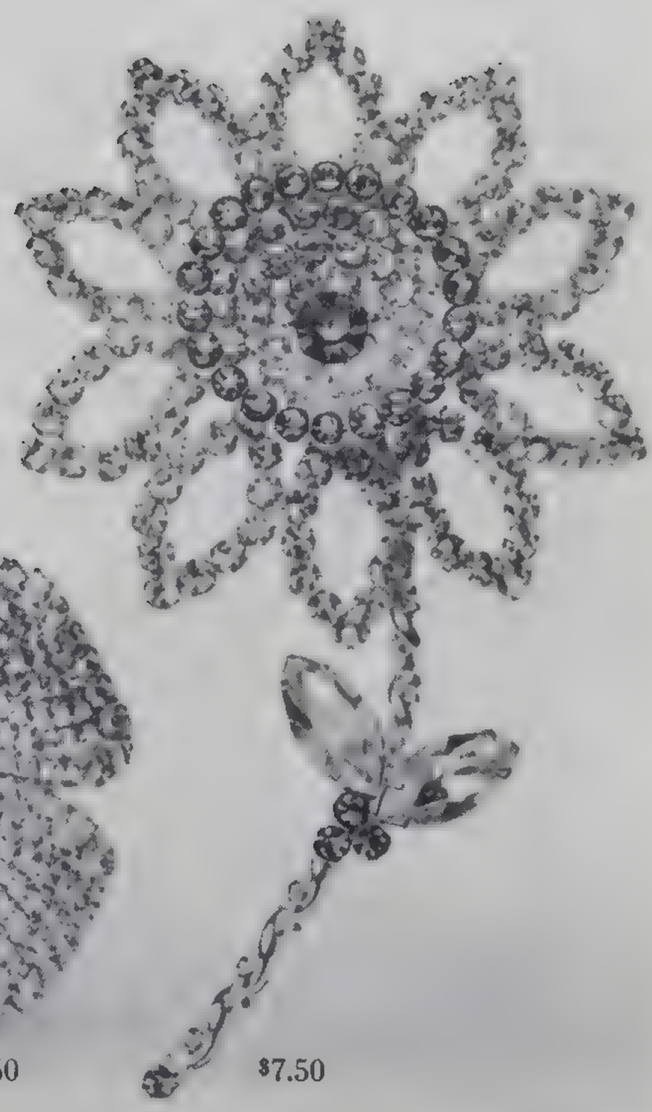
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$5.



$12.50



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Cut Flowers by

Albert Weiss

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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AT MOST FINE SHOPS AND DEPARTMENT STORES. ALBERT WEISS & CO., INC., 15 WEST 37th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018 / PRICES PLUS TAX


malcolm star
B. Altman & Co.
The Halle Bros. Co.
J. W. Robinson

The first tiny line should tell you your skin may be drying of thirst!

(With 'Moon Drops,' there need never be another dry spell for your skin.)



Think of dry lines as the first warning signs of a *moisture shortage within your skin.* Then you can see that dryness (which can make skin look old beyond its years!) needs to be treated *within.* Many creams simply sit on the surface. But 'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm helps *store up and hold moisture inside.* And, like plumping up a pillow, this inner moisture helps fill out dry lines. Used nightly, this unique concentrate of oils-in-moisture lets your skin wake up looking rested and replenished...feeling deliciously young and springy to the touch!



'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm by Revlon

The complete 'Moon Drops' series includes: Cleanser, Foundation, Skin Freshener, and Bath Oil.





DATELINE HOUSTON

MLLE. RICCI sets the fashion world awhirl in Space City U.S.A. Here, elegance in celestial blue silk topping the navy blue sheath. From the Couture Collections in our Cameo Room.

JOSKE'S
HOUSTON

Marse

Before you spend hours and hours in fitting rooms, choosing your new spring clothes, what should you do?



Look at the dress you're now wearing. Then look at it again with a Sky Bali underneath it.

Quite a difference. If Sky Bali can do that for an old dress, think what it will do for your new Spring things.

As you'll find out in the fitting room, Sky Bali is not only the most flattering bra you've ever tried, but the most comfortable one, too.

It's engineered to fit nearly every body better.

If you've a small bosom, the Lycra® spandex around the cups frames it and makes it seem like more.

If you've a fuller bosom, the Lycra gives added support, controls the fullness and makes it seem like less.

The Lycra frames do something else, too. They fit like skin, move like skin, yet support like wire.

Comfortable? Of course. So are the uniquely designed stretch straps. They're not just joined to the bra. They flow right into it. So the whole bra moves with you. And fits as if it were made for you.

In fact, Sky Bali fits every body so well, you might be tempted to buy one without trying it on. Don't. Fit in a stretch bra can be deceptive. Only in the fitting room can you be sure of getting a bra that's fitted to you, not stretched to you.

Do try Sky Bali soon in the lengths you'll need: bandeau or longline ($7.00 and $11.00); all in black or white nylon lace and Lycra.

The 5 minutes you spend in a fitting room with Sky Bali can give you a better figure.

Not only for your new Spring clothes.

But for life.

Bali®

Every Bali has a bow.

BALI BRASSIERE COMPANY, INC.
16 EAST 34 STREET, N. Y. 16, N.Y.



Spend 5 minutes in a fitting room with Sky Bali.



LIGHT UP THE NIGHT...IN NATURAL BEIGE CANADA MAJESTIC* MINK



*TRADEMARK OF CANADA MINK BREEDERS

A FRENCH COUTURIER IN FUR Georges Kaplan 730 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.



Exquisite simplicity in the three piece wool knit. About $80.
Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field, I. Magnin.

Kimberly

NEW FROM REVLON

the first mistake-

-proof* hair color!

Takes just minutes (and 1 pair of hands).
You can cover grey, go lighter...or go darker...
the only way you can't go is wrong!

Revlon 'Colorsilk'

shampoos in...won't wash out



A whole new generation of young, livelier colors...natural beyond suspicion! All the silky, subtle, 'in-between' shades you've tried for (cried for?) but couldn't get till now.

Automatic shade choosing.
New exclusive shade selector won't <u>let</u> you pick the wrong color.

Automatic mixing.
It's all pre-measured. Just pour 'Colorsilk' into squeeze-bottle applicator and it's ready to use.

Automatic timing.
You can't over-color your hair. The coloring action stops automatically when the shade is just right.

No messy, tiresome touch-ups.
Instead of sectioning and messy retouching ...simply shampoo all over again. Color won't build up (no matching worries!) Your shade comes out even time after time.

Everything you need is in this kit. *When used as directed, you just <u>can't</u> go wrong!

From the research laboratories of Revlon—world's foremost color authority.

The new willowy blonde...

Stocking of Du Pont CANTRECE™ Nylon



*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made polymer.

HILL AND DALE designs a lissome little pump. Tailors it with a tracery of stitching. The color is very new, very pale blonde. And you don't have to worry about its getting dirty. This shoe is created of CORFAM*, the very remarkable shoe upper material from Du Pont. CORFAM is easy-care. Day-to-day dirt and dust wipe right off. Furthermore, CORFAM resists most stains. Repels water. Is up to one-third lighter in weight. Luxuriously soft and supple. And comfortable because CORFAM b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s. *CORFAM...the new pace in fashion.*

...in CORFAM®

Better Things for Better Living
...through Chemistry

DU PONT
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Hill and Dale's "Caroline", also available in napped CORFAM, about $20 at: Lord & Taylor, New York; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; Lazarus, Columbus; Robinson's, California; Imperial Shoe Store, New Orleans; Hess Shoes, Baltimore; Hofheimer's, Norfolk.

I dreamed
I lived
in a castle in
Spain...
in my
maidenform
bra



Brief, bare and beautiful!
This bra is just one of six from the
fabulous new 'Dream-Aire'* collection.
Pared-down to a minimum, with
plenty of hold and mold . . . and
straps that stretch without rippling.
A, B, C cups. 3.95.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©1965
by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles,
active sportswear.

Photographed at the Alhambra, Granada, Spain.





THE FASCINATING
WOMEN
discover the new
ESTÉE LAUDER GLOW

One of the brightest things in life is a radiant woman. Estée Lauder, who always looks at the bright side of life—and the radiant side of beauty—illuminates *your* life with a brand new make-up that's as sheer as a glow can go. It begins with RIVIERA BISQUE, a faintly-pink beige in HYDRO-TONE MAKE-UP. Skimming over it (and your face powder too) is the real rosy surprise of this look—Estée Lauder's new, never-before GLOW-IN-THE-ROUND. This soufflé'd marvel adds delicate all-over color with true-to-life sheen. Then, for a twinkling eye, there's EYESHADOW GLOW. The smallest daub of this luminous star-dusted powder adds a deep shimmer of life, light and luster. Over it goes a shining wet-black stroke of JET BLACK EYELINER CAKE. For the lips—PINK APRICOT RE-NUTRIV LIPSTICK, a ripe pink-to-peach that seals this glow with a glorious kiss of color.

Estée Lauder



PAT SANDLER

Hand-painted pure silk chiffon, about $145. DePinna, New York; Bramson's, Chicago; Dayton's Oval Room, Minneapolis; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Joseph Magnin, West Coast.

TRACERY.
Carry a defense weapon when you wear them.





CISA (cheés-â) *n.* Italian: the most *favolosa* female designer extant! *adj.* the world's smartest fashions for the world's greatest women. Clothes by Cisa are available to the American market only via her man: Imports International Inc., 1410 Broadway, New York. "The Vest Dressed Woman" shown, available at America's poshest stores.



It took Max Factor

to make me blush...

I love it. Pastel Glow...more than a make-up,

it's a new *glow-up*...a sudden glow of

color I stroke on with this silky little brush.

(fantastic when you're feeling pale or frazzled)



The color's so natural you'd think it's my own

skin-tone *(only happier)!* I use it over or in place of

make-up...all over my face. It's a subtle change,

but it works. See? Now I'm the girl who

blushes *before* a compliment.

It's Pastel Glow by Max Factor



© 1964 MAX FACTOR & CO

a bright young outlook in four new and natural pastel shades...complete with compact and make-up brush, $3.75.



WIN A FASHION FLING TO PARIS AND THE RIVIERA ...FROM PARADISE KITTENS

It could be you... jetting your way via TWA on an all-expense paid two-week vacation for two. Winner also will receive $500 "extra" spending money to have her own "Fashion Fling", plus a wardrobe of Paradise Kittens. Above are two of the many fashionable shoes in our Spring collection.

Watch your local newspaper for your dealer's ad announcing "Spring's a Fashion Fling with Paradise Kittens" contest. Nothing to buy, write or figure. Just fill out free entry blank at your Kitten Dealer's.

Additional prizes: Hundreds of pairs of Paradise Kittens.

Shoes shown above about $16.00

paradise Kittens

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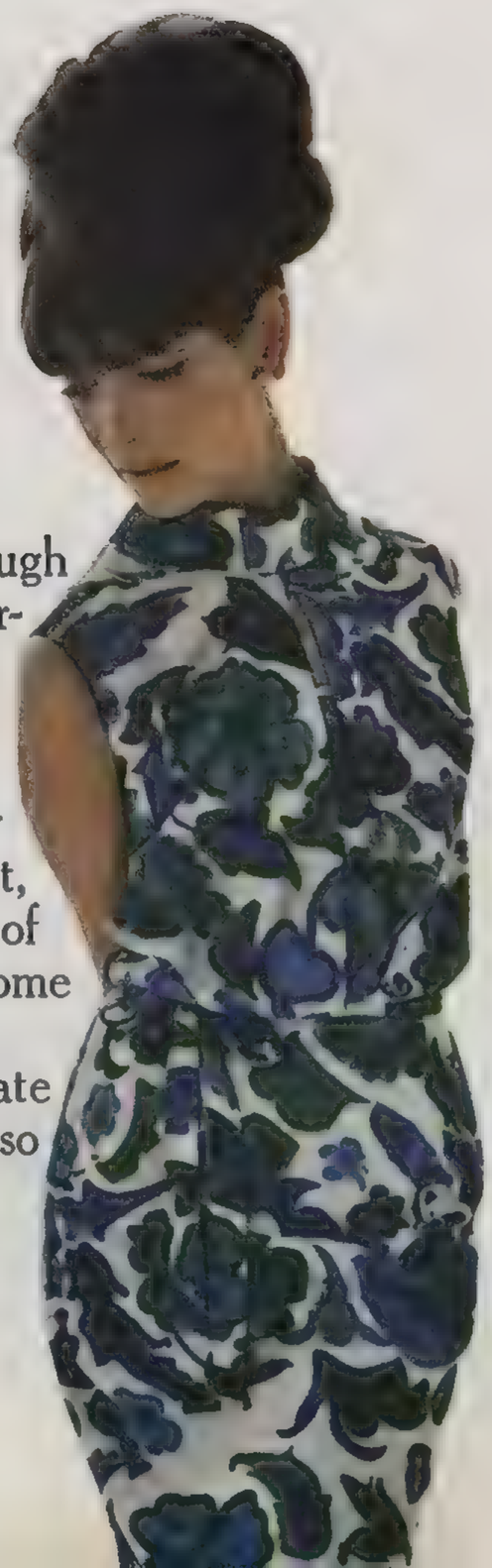
This contest ends March 31 and is subject to the rules set forth on the entry blank. Offer void where prohibited by law.

Where?



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

Wear



Sacony on your merry whirl through Copenhagen's breathtaking Tivoli Gardens. Concerts, carousels, fields of flowers, relaxed dining in restaurants from all over the world. And you without a care in the world surrounded by your sinuous Sacony. You've folded it, tucked it away during miles and miles of travel, but it still stays sleek and lithesome around the world or around the town.

Sacony's Ciella® Arnel® triacetate fashioned here in blue floral array. Also patterned in pink. Sizes 8-18, $25.

Sacony, 1407 Broadway, NYC

Sacony.®



This is the age of beauty. Coty captured it

to bring you the finest, most tender, innocently beautiful make-up ever made

From this inspiration—the untouched beauty of a child—comes a cosmetic triumph! Veil Naturelle. A new kind of make-up so translucent, so fine, so undetectable, it can only be called "the innocent make-up." Coty created it to cover you with glory—the kind of glory you see in the complexion of this child. The whispery soft smoothness of it. The dewiness of it. The downy lustre. The tender luminous color tones that bless the face of the very young.

See how Veil Naturelle differs from ordinary make-ups. And how easy it is to achieve this pure new beauty! All it takes is 3 quick steps: a wisp of creme foundation, a pouf of finishing powder, and a fragile touch of blush.

For dewy smooth coverage—a wisp of Veil Naturelle Creme Foundation. Not an uneven liquid. Not a thick base. This is the sheerest creme foundation. Fluffed. Translucent. Almost weightless. Just a wisp blends swiftly into a natural veil of lovely color, faultless coverage. Remains perfect for hours, without the slightest change in texture or hue.

This is the basis of your newborn beauty—the dewy smoothness, the tender young translucent glow.

For the downy finish—a pouf of Veil Naturelle Finishing Powder. Look at our beautiful child again. Notice the downy texture of his complexion; the soft velvety finish that seems to halo his face. This (and this alone) is the purpose of the Veil Naturelle Finishing Powder. It does not add color; just sheer moonlight.

For tender, warm color—a touch of Blush Accent. Just a touch of Blush Accent warms and tenders your coloring. Floats on the most fragile whisper of a blush to the cheeks—or to the whole complexion. (You may choose Blush Accent either in creme form—or in powder form with brush, in the Blushette compact. And notice where you keep the brush—fresh and neat in its own click-in place, back of the case! Only the Coty Blushette compact has this convenient feature.)

A wisp of Veil Naturelle Creme Foundation. A pouf of Veil Naturelle Finishing Powder. A touch of Blush Accent. This is all it takes for the most innocent look ever created by make-up. Try it. (And don't be surprised if people call you "baby.")



Veil Naturelle by COTY



Presenting Limited Editions

THUNDERBIRD SPECIAL LANDAU

Brand new this minute—the Thunderbird Special Landau.
Its special brightness shines like a shooting star—
special because it's a limited edition car.
Landau's special dash stems from the coppery tones
of its unique new Ember-Glo color . . . its
chic parchment-colored vinyl roof and upholstery . . .
the way its personal nameplate gleams.
And Special Landau has glamorous touches
like rich "burled walnut" vinyl interior accents
. . . deluxe wheel covers . . . posh cut-pile carpeting
to match its exterior. Dash down to your Ford dealer
and reserve yours now. As the newest landmark
in the Private World of Thunderbird,
it's destined to bring special magic.

JERRY SILVERMAN CLOTHES
BY SHANNON RODGERS

To "go" with the Special Landau—
3 special spring/summer costumes from the Limited Edition
Collection by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman.
See page 190 for details, stores.

A PRODUCT OF
Ford
MOTOR COMPANY



Thunderbird unique in all the world

"I don't know beans about Vycron® polyester.

But I like what California Girl did with it."



You may be a bit of a dumb bunny about what Vycron® is. But fortunately California Girl isn't. They made this coat costume of 50% Vycron polyester/50% cotton because they know you don't want to worry about wrinkling. Or wilting. Or constantly running to the cleaner. (Vycron means it's wash-'n-wear.) Fabric is "Raja" by Designer Fabrics, Inc. Mango/White (shown), Blue/White, Green/White. Sizes 5-15. About $46. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Davison's, Atlanta; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Bullock's, Southern California, all stores. Write California Girl, 910 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90015. Beaunit Fibers, Division of Beaunit Corp., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.

HAT: MR. JOHN

Vycron® polyester
another fine product of
Beaunit Fibers

Hate that gray? Wash it away!™

Now! Color only the gray

without changing your natural hair color!



Makes your husband feel younger, too . . . just to look at you!

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you *hate that gray, wash it away* with Loving Care hair color lotion by Clairol. Washes in the young color gently, so skillfully that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. Leaves hair in better condition than ever.

Needs no peroxide, so there's nothing to mix or add. Just pours on right out of the bottle! Even the fragrance is delightful. Washed in about once a month, Loving Care *keeps* gray away so you can forget you ever had any! Colors range from blonde to new Natural Black. Choose the tone most like your own. Won't rub off or brush off. Not a tint, better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.



© Clairol Inc. 1964

Loving Care® Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL

Starfire

Look at it.
A car for just anybody?
Hardly.



Any car can get you places—if you're willing to settle for prosaic, everyday transportation. Well and good. Then why a car with all the extra style and flair standard on Starfire?

- Leather-appointed bucket seats
- Ultra high-compression 370-h.p. V-8
- Console with T-stick Turbo Hydra-Matic or close-ratio 4-speed
- Power steering and power brakes

Why a car with all this? For just anybody? Hardly! For somebody very special. Like *you*.

'65 OLDSMOBILE *The Rocket Action Car!*

Oldsmobile Division • General Motors Corporation



Dress—navy, white, beige, light blue, chartreuse... about $89*. Textured wool coat—white with navy; raspberry; beige... about $150*

In America, only FEDER FASHIONS brings you the sublime styling and fascinating flair of Tricosa knit costumes.
Waffled, ten button, sleeveless dress in exclusive Hi-Fil silky acetate;
richly textured, all-wool, lined coat—waffle trim matches dress.

BERGDORF-GOODMAN-New York; JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO.-Washington, D.C.; BULLOCKS WILSHIRE-Los Angeles;
HIMMELHOCH-Detroit; KAUFMANN'S VENDOME SHOP-Pittsburgh; MARTHA WEATHERED-Chicago.

Exclusively imported by FEDER FASHIONS, 1410 Broadway, New York (*slightly higher on west coast)



WISHBONE

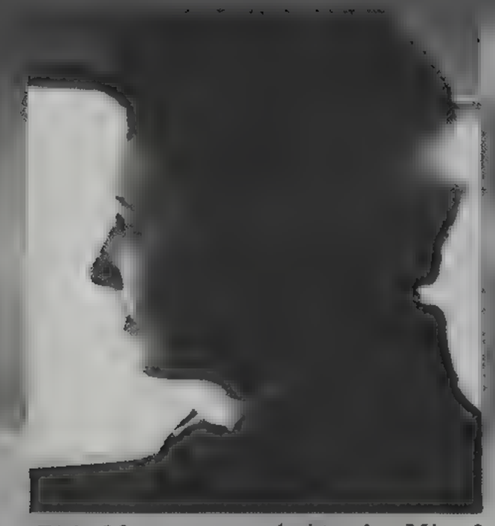
Tender Loving Calf... in Tender Loving Green is the fresh-as-all-outdoors look for Spring. The calf, soft and green as moss, the Natural Poise shoes, sprout-slender and gently shaped. Above: the bracelet pump; Below: the suit pump... both uppers in cuddle calf created by Fleming Joffe. You're so right in Tender Loving Calf... You're so right... they're natural poise® *Most styles $13 to $15.*



PROFILE

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company

What happens when a great American designer flies American Airlines Astrojet?



Elsie Maraventano designs for Mira 3



Elsie designs new evening enchantment under American skies...

Elsie's designing talent takes an inspired flight of fancy and creates three spirit-soaring gowns. *(left):* dazzling white silk organza with embroidered applique in black, emerald, red or gold. 6-16, 5-15. About $70. *(center):* imported silk chiffon print with ruffled shawl effect. Blue or green. 6-16, 5-15. About $75. *(right):* flowing chiffon with beaded neckline and embroidered applique. White, pink, blue, maize. 6-16, 5-15. About $75.

Elsie Maraventano designs for **miraj** *and you!*



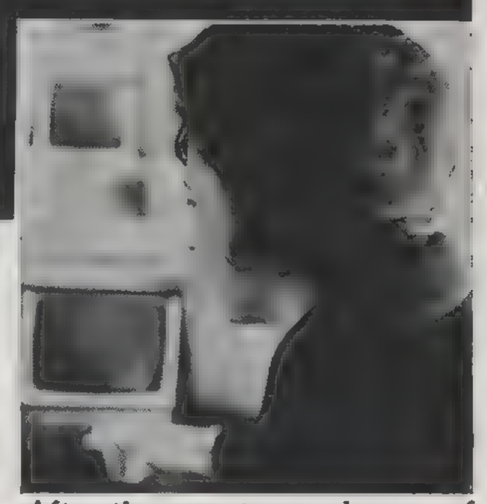
American Airlines flies you in luxurious fashion...covers all major stops from coast-to-coast. And gets you there as quick as a wink by Astrojet.

Jewelry by Marvella

Elsie explores the wonderful world of shorter-length fashion, and takes off with two dramatic new creations, *(left):* skirt and jacket ensemble of silk linen, with silk surrah top. Jacket lined to match. Gold, turquoise, astro pink. 6-16, 5-15. About $55. *(right):* crepe print dress matched to lining of silk-and-rayon coat. Apricot, lemon, turquoise, black. 6-16, 5-15. Both, about $75.

Elsie Maraventano designs for **mira 3** *and you!*

Prices higher in the West



After the sumptuous pleasure of the 21 Club cuisine, you enjoy Astrovision, the new entertainment system for movies, and stereophonic music.



mira 3
fashions
shown on preceding
three pages seen at
these fine stores:

New York, N.Y. .....Best & Co.
Akron, Ohio.....M. O'Neil & Co.
Amarillo, Texas .....Colberts
Anchorage, Alaska.....Welch's Shop
Austin, Texas ..... Goodfriends
Baltimore, Md. ..... Hochshild Kohn
Bay City, Michigan .....Sams Brothers
Birmingham, Ala...Loveman, Joseph, & Loeb
Boston, Mass.....R. H. Stearns Co.
Charlestown, West Virginia .Stone & Thomas
Chattanooga, Tenn.....Miller Brothers
Chicago, Ill. ..... Hirsch & Branches
Cincinnati, Ohio.....H & S Pogue
Cleveland, Ohio.....May Co.
Columbus, Ohio .....The Fashion
Dallas, Texas .....Titche-Goettinger Co.
Denver, Colorado.....May D & F
Des Moines, Iowa..... Younkers
Detroit, Ill.....Himelhoch Bros. & Branches
Fresno, Calif. .....Gottschalk's
Ft. Wayne, Ind. .....Wolf & Dessaur
Ft. Worth, Texas .....Margos
Harrisburg, Pa. .....Pomeroy's
Houston, Texas ..... Sakowitz
Indianapolis, Ind. .....William H. Block Co.
Jacksonsville, Fla. .....May-Cohens
Knoxville, Tenn. .....Millers Inc.
Las Vegas, Nevada .....Ron Markin Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif. ..... J. W. Robinson
Memphis, Tenn. .....John Gerber Company
Miami, Fla. .....Jordan Marsh
Milwaukee, Wis. ....Milwaukee Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn...Donaldson's Golden Rule
Mobile, Ala. .....Margos
Monroe, La. .....Silverstein's
Montgomery, Ala. .....Margos
Munster, Ind. .....Manils
Nashville, Tenn. .....Cain-Sloane
New Orleans, La. ..... Maison Blanche
Phoenix, Arizona .....The Diamond Store
Pittsburgh, Pa. .....Joseph Horne Co.
Portland, Ore. .....Meier & Frank Co.
Providence, R. I. .....The Outlet Company
Richmond, Va. ..... Miller & Rhodes
Rochester, N.Y. ..... McCurdy & Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah..... Z.C.M.I.
San Francisco, Calif. .....Joseph Magnin
Skokie, Ill. ... .A. Starr
St. Louis, Mo. .....Stix, Baer, & Fuller
Tampa, Fla. .....Maas Bros.
Tulsa, Oklahoma .....Vandevers
Tucson, Arizona .....Cele Peterson's
Tyler, Texas .....Regan's
Washington, D.C. ....Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Waukegan, Ill. ..... Heins
Wichita, Kansas ..... Buck's
Worcester, Mass. .....Denholm & McKay Co.
Youngstown, Ohio..Charles Livingston & Sons

Or write, Mira 3, Inc. 1385 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Breakthrough for the faces of the foresighted farsighted

We hear it from scores of readers. Of course, they'd love to be able to line, brow, lash, and shadow their eyes neatly. The demarcation line between rouge and foundation they'd adore to know. Just as they'd like to pluck their own eyebrows, fasten on their false eyelashes. But they can't. Because they're farsighted. Without spectacles, they can't see what they're doing. With spectacles, they can't do what they'd like to see. . . . For them the development of a mirror with hand-ground prescription lens augurs well. The work of an ophthalmologist, spurred on by an actress who remembered the tricks a cameraman pulled with distance when a mirror was involved, this is the result of a deep look into presbyopia (farsightedness, from the Greek *presbys*). A six-inch diameter mirror in a white ostrich case, it is set up to spend its life on your dressing table but, with the snap of its catch, can fold away for a quick exit into a suitcase. There it is—Close-Up Mirror/Lens—for facial decorating, for lipstick that doesn't look as if it were donned in the dark, for non-craggy rouging, for eyebrows that don't *want* to be an interesting study in contrast, for savoir put-on with eyeliner and false eyelashes. Mirror comes in two speeds: Plus 1 for younger farsightedness, Plus 2 for more advanced cases. . . ."Every eyelash salutes you, even my stingy supply," reported one of our presbyopic editors after peering into Plus 2. . . . Said non-presbyopic oculist, pressed to pass judgment on the mirror and test it on his patients: "Very interesting; hyperopics (that's another word for farsighted ones) found it dazzlingly helpful; personally, I wouldn't want it for shaving, but then I'm not farsighted, even though I've passed forty when people tend to develop that condition." Said we: Obvious uplook on the outlook of the millions of Americans who *are* farsighted. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

$25 investment assures an unruffled head

In a very small package comes this big-wheeling hairpiece: a band of real hair that matches one's own, recharges a hair arrangement that's out of energy, keeps hair in order in the breezes of the ski slope, the beach, the airport, the cornery city. With a hidden back-elastic, weighing less than an ounce, it goes on much as a ribbon band. How to keep it healthy? Store it flat, suggested Norbert, the New York hair stylist who discovered it—and the only man we know who has it. Press it between two books. Don't hairspray it. To clean, dip in Vapon. Good $25 investment against the sallies of a coiffure. (More Ready Beauty, page 52.)



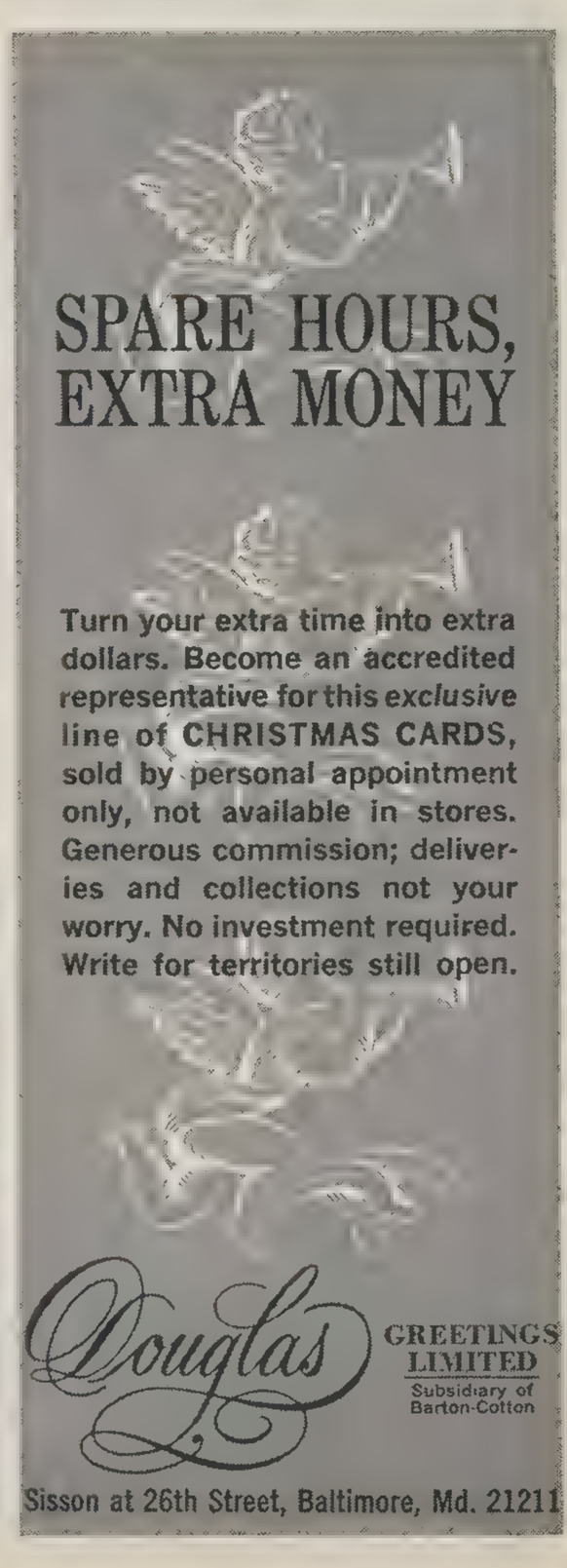
Does your bustline give your age away?

Perhaps you simply are not 20 years old anymore, you feel your figure is slipping. ♥ Bring the problem to Lov-é. Let us show you how a custom-fitted bra can restore your youthful silhouette. Young, firm muscles need one kind of bra. ♥ A more mature figure needs another. Because Lov-é is custom-fitted, we can make either shape more shapely. ♥ Let our special figure consultants put you on a new path to beauty.

From $6.95

Lov-é BRASSIERES

• At these and many other fine stores • Dallas, *Sanger-Harris* • Los Angeles, *May Co.* • Milwaukee, *Dreyer-Meyer* • Pasadena, *Lov-é Bra Shop* • Philadelphia, *Gimbels* • San Francisco, *Emporium and Lov-é Bra Shop* • *Or write Lov-é Brassieres, 7494 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 46, Calif.*



Mc Mullen®





Who stands out outdoors?
The girl in color-piped linens
by McMullen! White top edged with
flower color to match skirt or
shorts—in linen from Moygashel,
Ireland. 8 to 20. Little-collar blouse
or scoop overblouse, about 12.00
Patch pocket skirt, about 20.00
Side-zip Bermudas, about 16.00
Hand cableknit sweater, about 35.00

LORD & TAYLOR
JULIUS GARFINCKEL
HUTZLER BROTHERS
JACOBSON'S
SAKOWITZ
MONTALDO'S, DOOP'S
R. H. STEARNS
HIGBEE CO.
REGENSTEIN'S
I. MAGNIN

or write J. R. McMullen
550 Seventh Ave. N.Y. 18

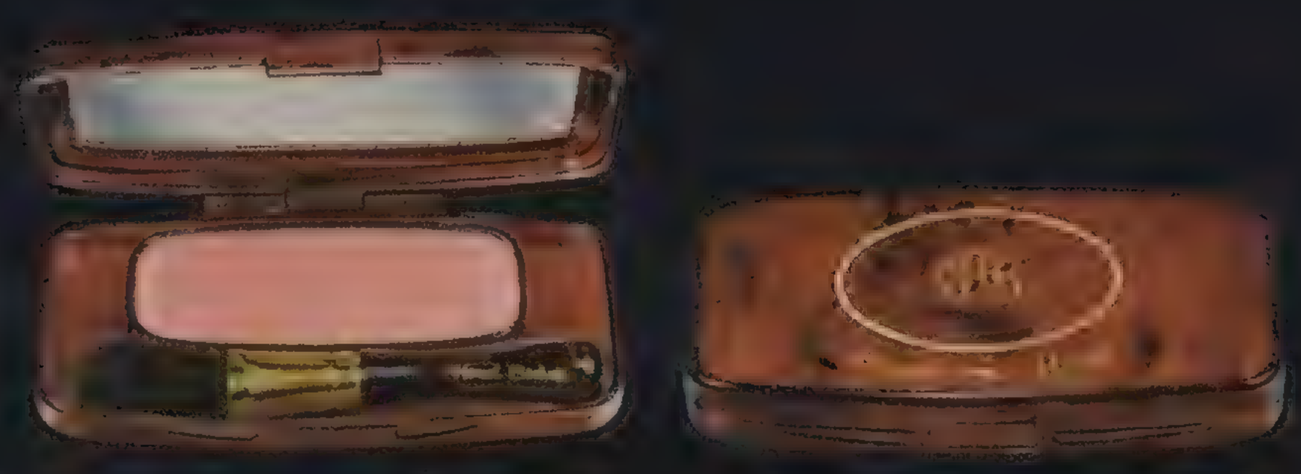
This is the brush



that puts on the blush



that makes you look
like you're falling in love!



new **Brush 'n Blush** 1.75 plus tax

What a lovely glow! Looks like love. Looks like one of those golden days. Looks like anything but what it is—an amazing new 'blushing powder' that touches your face with the radiant glow of beauty. Brush 'n Blush flufis on over your makeup. Or instead of makeup. But beware. Once you try it, you'll find that its flattery is habit-forming! In three nature-loving shades—pink, peach and rose.

Hazel Bishop

©1965 HAZEL BISHOP, INC.

Van Raalte creates heavenly Skyblue—a new luminous blueness, one of many delicious shades in coordinates that underline today's easy-moving fashions.
The Mademoiselle longer pantie girdle—phantom-light control in Lycra* Power Net, prettied with Ban-Lon® lace. S-M-L, $8.
The companion lace bra, a joy in its gentle firming to youthful contours. 32 to 36A, 32 to 38B, C, $4. 32 to 38D, $5. The reed-slim Suavette nylon tricot petticoat. S-M-L, $6. XL, $7.
The matching slip, *opposite*, with moulded lace bodice and hemline...sculptured to echo the fluid lines of Spring fashions. 28 to 42 S-A-T, $9. 44 to 46, $10.
Other coordinated colors: Sunlight, Primrose Pink, Nude, Black or White.
At fine stores everywhere.

Van Raalte

Because you love nice things

*DuPont T.M.



Issued only by the leggy world of Berkshire.
Call it Passport. Call it enchanting.
Call it a color most definitely in fashion center.
Just ask for the palest of pale taupey-beiges,
created to delicately underscore
this season's softer pastels.

shoes by MADEMOISELLE

BERKSHIRE B
INTERNATIONAL
HOSIERY FASHION ON FIVE CONTINENTS

Secret of the Sea



From out of the sea, the marvelous moisturizing discovery for dry skin. Beauty is the most precious gift of all. Retain its moisture with unique Secret of the Sea, the only dry skin treatment cream of its kind. The misty, beautiful complexion secret of women who live in a moist sea climate has been captured in this marvelous cream—smoothing, softening, helping make lines due to dryness disappear. By day, let the supplementary emulsion continue to moisturize under your make-up. Leading dermatologists have proved Secret of the Sea's benefits. Why don't you? Cream $5.00 to $15.00. Emulsion $5.00 to $8.50.

Enchanting ladies choose

DOROTHY GRAY



Enjoy Fortrel the California Way



Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

It's so easy! Pick one of the sunny fashions that say "unmistakably designed in California." Pick it print or plain. Pick it in a fabric made with Fortrel polyester. Pick crepe and georgette, Fortrel makes them washable. Pick dotted swiss, Fortrel keeps it crisp. Pick crash, Fortrel keeps the wrinkles away. Pick poplin, twill and broadcloth, Fortrel makes them little or no iron. Now you're enjoying Fortrel the California way. We said it was easy! (Now check page 52 for the stores with the great California fashions made with Fortrel.)

Fortrel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

Enjoy Fortrel the California Way

See what wonderful things these California designers do with Fortrel:

Apropos, Div. of Campus Casuals
Ardee
California Girl
Cole of California
Alex Colman
Dominique for Phil Altbaum
Donna Lee
Eddy George
Hollywood Casuals
Frank B. Horgan
Koret of California
Lady R, Div. of Rough Rider
Lee Mar
Lou Gene
Mancini for Phil Altbaum
Jerry Miller
Miss Elliette
Miss Pat
Marjorie Montgomery
NaMa
Alfred Paquette, Inc.
Pixie of California
Roseda
Fred Rothschild
Sa'Bett
Sir James
Sirjé
Burt Stanley
Elisabeth Stewart
Teddi of California
VIP
White Stag
Patty Woodard

And you'll see many of their fashions at these fine stores: (not all fashions at all stores)

ALASKA
Northern Commercial
ARIZONA
Tucson, *Jacome's*
CALIFORNIA
Bakersfield, *Brock's*
Fresno, *Gottschalk's*
Los Angeles, *Haggarty's*
Sacramento, *Hale's*
San Bernardino, *The Harris Co.*
San Diego, *Walker-Scott Co.*
San Jose, *L. Hart & Son*
CONNECTICUT
Waterbury, *Worth's, Inc.*
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington, *The Hecht Co.*
FLORIDA
Miami, *Burdine's*
GEORGIA
Atlanta, *Davison's*
IDAHO
Boise, *Carroll's*
ILLINOIS
Decatur, *Linn & Scruggs Co.*
INDIANA
Indianapolis, *The William H. Block Co.*
IOWA
Cedar Rapids, *Killian Co.*
LOUISIANA
New Orleans, *Godchaux's*
MARYLAND
Baltimore, *The Hecht Co.*
MICHIGAN
Birmingham, *Himelhoch's*
Detroit, *Himelhoch's*
Grosse Pointe, *Himelhoch's*
MISSISSIPPI
Jackson, *Kennington's*
NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, *Kistler-Collister*
NEW YORK
Brooklyn, *Martin's*
New York, *Macy's*
OHIO
Akron, *O'Neil's*
Cleveland, *Higbee's*
Columbus, *Union Co.*
Toledo, *Lasalle's*
PENNSYLVANIA
Philadelphia, *Lit Bros.*
Pittsburgh, *Gimbels*
TENNESSEE
Nashville, *Chester's*
TEXAS
Austin, *Goodfriend's*
Fort Worth, *Meacham's*
San Antonio, *Joske's of Texas*
UTAH
Salt Lake City, *Z.C.M.I.*
WISCONSIN
Milwaukee, *Gimbels-Schusters*

Fortrel...a Celanese contemporary fiber



Sheerest protection ever for lovely hands

. . . an exciting new way to protect your hands. So sheer you forget you're wearing them. Perfect for protecting your hands when you highlight or shampoo your hair, color or polish your shoes. Incomparable for keeping housework away from manicures and lovely hands. Only 59¢ at better hair care departments everywhere.

Nimble Fingers® Beauty Gloves

THE PIONEER RUBBER COMPANY • 139 TIFFIN ROAD, WILLARD, OHIO

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Timetable for erasing time from faces



"Miranda in Miranda's sight/Is old and grey and dirty;/Twenty-nine she was last night;/This morning she is thirty." Speaking: That old arbiter on age and its counterirritants, O. Nash. Yes, Miranda, there are ways to circumvent oldness and greyness and dirtiness—even after thirtyness. One we have in mind at this moment is a famously fascinating and effective night cream, Eterna '27,' to which a family of good-natured siblings has just been added by its thoughtful creator, Revlon. The Eterna ritual that will tell on a skin doesn't promise symptoms of astonishing improvement before one or two weeks of faithful adherence are up (although creatures with 20/20 vision may notice signs of increased complexion well-being right after first meeting with Eterna). The routine is based on five compatible skin nursers, any of which can be used alone—but in teamwork the shot seems surer. As outlined by the ace face faculty at Revlon, the program goes this way. *Three minutes at night:* One for massaging upwards with new soufflé-textured Eterna cleanser; one for freshening with a new skin toner—astringent, but quietly so; one for smoothing on for an overnight stay the celebrated original, Eterna '27' Cream with Progenitin, Revlon's registered name for "pregnenelone acetate." *In the morning, three more minutes:* More cleansing, more toning, then the new Eterna moisturizer, a silken formula with a canny way of keeping make-up in its place for hours. . . . Even the best nurtured face sometimes shows signs of weariness. For this there's a recent Eterna answer, too—an emergency measure in the form of a bracing facial masque. . . . When will the maximum results become apparent? After forty days, if there's no cheating, said Revlon, secure in its documented knowledge that Eterna '27' does well by most faces (especially dry faces), does delectably and detectably well for six out of ten. (More Ready Beauty, page 56)

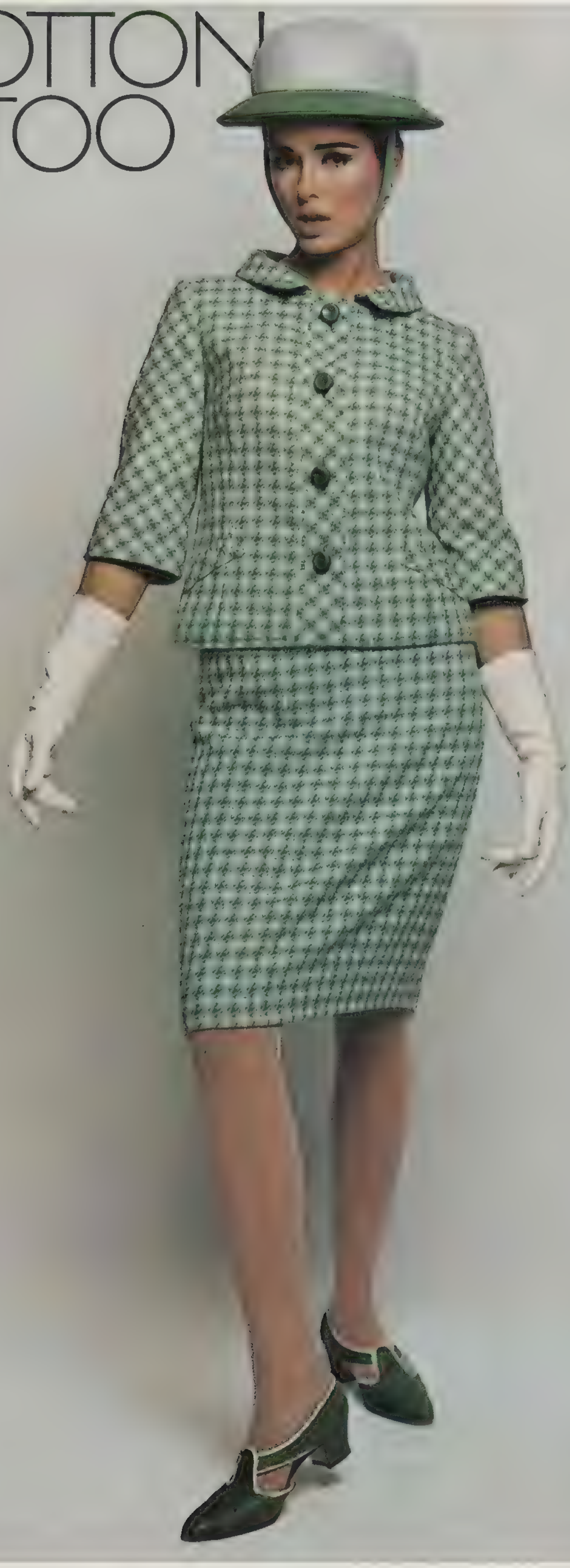


This is the one. Rudi Gernreich's 'No Bra' bra for Exquisite Form.

SHEER STRETCH NYLON TRICOT. NARROW STRETCH BAND AND STRAPS. BLACK, WHITE AND NATURALLY, NUDE. A, B AND C CUP. $4.00. (ALL FASHIONABLE STORES CARRY IT.)

all this and

COTTON TOO



Frechtel has a special genius for the "little suit." Somehow he always makes it add up to more than the sum of its parts. Even when its parts are as bright and right as the stand-away collar, the oblique pockets, the elbow-length sleeves and the wonderful tweed-like fabric that's 100% cotton—cool cotton, light cotton—fresh as spring itself.

100%
COTTON
THE FIBER
YOU CAN TRUST

National Cotton Council
Cotton Producers Institute, Box 12285,
Memphis, Tennessee 38112.

Enjoy the distinction of arriving in a Lincoln Continental.



Lincoln Continental is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars. It distinguishes you among fine car owners. It is unique in its classic look. Singular in its luxury and comfort. Unequaled in its ride. Built only to the highest standards in the world. There is only one Lincoln Continental. What does your car say about you?

LINCOLN *Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.

BAN-LON fashion

Bancroft Marketing Division, Wilmington, Delaware, supervises the international merchandising of products approved to carry the "Ban-Lon"/"Everglaze"/"Bancora" trademarks of Joseph Bancroft & Sons Co., a division of Indian Head Mills, Inc.



Ban-Lon®
KNOCK-OUTS
blouse and stocking sets

SPORT WHIRL
designed by Jeanne Campbell

You're ready to meet the world —on your terms. And if that isn't enough, "Ban-Lon" knock-outs are also soft, smooth, washable, shape-keeping, long-lasting. "Ban-Lon" blouse and stockings of "Textralized" nylon in warp knit fabric by Soptra.

A variety of dashing prints, 6-16, about $26 the set. Cotton skirt about $13. Bloomingdale's, New York and branches; Buffums', Long Beach, California, and branches; Joseph Magnin, California; Meier & Frank Company, Portland, Oregon. Or write SportWhirl, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018.

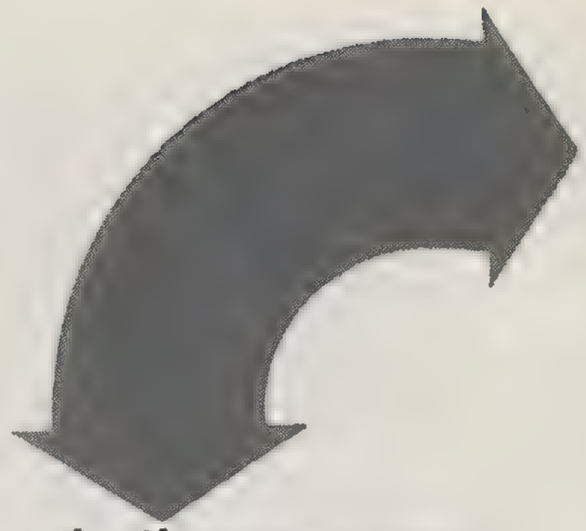
VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Cologne with a mission: a dozen, in fact

You name it—and a cologne to which emollients have been judicially added most likely *does* it. Goes into the bath along with you, to give it added meaning. Silkens you all over after shower. Gives hair wholesome shimmer while it gives it fragrance. Gentles and flavours hands. Comforts legs after shaving. These are some of the performances that cling to the memory after a test run-through with a new concept by Evyan. Splash is its name—not Evyan's earlier Splash cologne but an entirely new formula that wraps up some dryness-fighting oils along with White Shoulders in its perfumery. In essence, Miss Evyan's renowned wild-garden bouquet of White Shoulders is now well-oiled for overall body work. There are a few things Splash won't do, its makers are the first to admit. Splash shouldn't go on clothes, shouldn't be expected to replace cologne. And if there are any bath drops around, good heavens, use them *too*. But there are very few such restrictions on this versatile little dear—one of the better intermediaries between soap and perfume a body could have.

The case for the carefree eye

Much as we've been touting recently the disappearing eyebrow, nobody craves the browline that has mastered a perfect vanishing act. Much as we hold for bareness in other quarters, nobody craves an eyelid dressed in eyelashes so pale they're nearly invisible. We've long known women who take regular and permanent steps against this, especially a number of redheads and light blondes who, without such steps, would seem in the eye area quite defrocked. So: They have their eyelashes and, sometimes, their eyebrows dyed, on a long-term basis. Because this kind of artwork goes on only, and *should* go on only, in a salon under the auspices of a colour-educated operator, one seldom sees the tools of the trade. Having happened upon them recently, however, we feel that similarly investigative citizens might be interested in of what they consist. Which is: In a tidy package of Roux Lash & Brow Tint (black, brown, or light brown), these three little soldiers all in a row—bottles of Solution No. 1 and Solution No. 2, plus a bottle of remover for footloose stains. The professional operator applies them in that order with cotton-tipped dabbers, also enkitted. Like permanent hair colour, this lasts circa a month, goes swimming or showering without paling, makes false eyelashes blend the more convincingly with real ones, makes the real ones smearproof and twice as furry. . . . The Roux people are happy to report that Lash & Brow Tint can be found in the salons of all fifty states.



The Shagmoor coat on the opposite page is available at the following fine stores.

AKRON, OHIO	O'Neil's
ALBANY, NEW YORK	John G. Myers
ALLENTOWN, PENNA.	Hess's
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND	Hutzler Bros.
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK	Fowler Dick & Walker
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS	Roland's
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS	Filene's
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK	Abraham & Straus
BUFFALO, NEW YORK	Adam Meldrum & Anderson
BURLINGTON, IOWA	J. S. Schramm
BUTTE, MONTANA	Hennessey Co.
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA	Armstrong's
CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA	Coyle & Richardson
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO	Shillito's
COLUMBUS, OHIO	Lazarus
DAVENPORT, IOWA	M. L. Parker
DENVER, COLORADO	The Denver Dry Goods Co.
DES MOINES, IOWA	Norman Cassiday
DETROIT, MICHIGAN	J. L. Hudson Co.
DULUTH, MINNESOTA	Wahl's
EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN	Samuelson's
ELMIRA, NEW YORK	Personius & Malone
FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA	O. J. De Lendrecie
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND	Leiter Bros.
HAMMOND, INDIANA	Edward C. Minas
HARRISBURG, PENNA.	Feiler's
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT	Sage Allen
JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN	Hagen's
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI	Emery Bird Thayer Co.
LANCASTER, PENNA.	Watt & Shand
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA	Gold's
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA	The May Co.
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY	Stewart's
MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE	James W. Hill
MANKATO, MINNESOTA	Pierce Bros.
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE	John Gerber Co.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN	Gimbels-Schusters
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA	Powers
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE	Harvey's
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY	Hahne & Company
NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS	Star Store
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY	P. J. Young
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT	Edw. Malley Co.
NEW YORK, NEW YORK	B. Altman & Co.
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA	Smith & Welton
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA	Capwell's
OMAHA, NEBRASKA	Brandeis
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY	Meyer Brothers
PEORIA, ILLINOIS	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.	Strawbridge & Clothier
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.	Kaufmann's
PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY	Tepper's
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK	Luckey Platt & Co.
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND	Shepard Co.
READING, PENNA.	C. K. Whitner
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA	Thalhimer's
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA	S. H. Heironimus Co.
ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA	C. F. Massey Co.
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA	The Emporium
SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK	H. S. Barney Co.
SCRANTON, PENNA.	The Globe Store
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON	Rhodes Dept. Store
SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA	Shriver's
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON	The Crescent
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS	Forbes & Wallace
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI	Famous Barr
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY	Nevius Voorhees
WASHINGTON, D.C.	The Hecht Co.
WATERLOO, IOWA	James Black Dry Goods Co.
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA	Stone & Thomas
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE	Kennard's

Linder Bros., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 18

the Wooletin

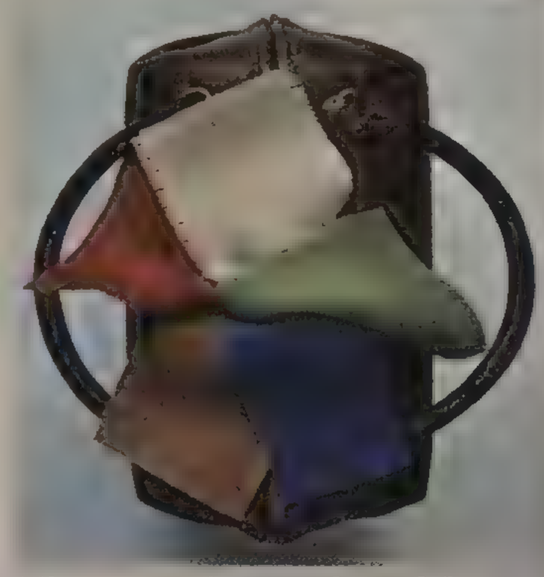
VOL. 2 WW-565 PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN WOOL COUNCIL



THIS YEAR'S HOMESPUN NEVER STAYS HOME

Shagmoor Uses Springweight Wool In On-The-Go Coat

Wool is at home wherever you take it: warm enough for the chill still in the air, light enough to span the seasons, clever enough to stay fresh and unwrinkled. Only wool comes by these talents naturally.



The coat, of natural wool loomed in America by Northfield Mills, comes in above colors, plus black and navy.

WOOL

"Well-Dressed/Wool-Dressed" Wherever You Are

The voice of the traveler is heard on the land, proclaiming the virtues of a Shagmoor. Misses sizes 8-20, Petite sizes 4-16. About $60. For store names see opposite page or write: Dept. 565, American Wool Council, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.



ELEGANCE
is a printed
silk ottoman
late day dress
by Helga

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

March 1

Consumer too soon

However the cigarette picture comes out in the final analysis—worst thing the human mechanism could subject itself to, or the best thing since blue glass beads for warding off the evil eye—it does appear at the moment that the smoking picture is not so hot; that for those for whom the habit became an established hand-to-mouth reflex long ago, the giving up is no joke. They were consumers too soon—consumers before the big-gun questions were raised. And their efforts to disengage themselves from their cigarette involvement have interested us for several years. To give the quitters their due, therefore, we herewith instigate our own 1965 Honours List—people who, as we go to press, have done a splendid job of sticking to their resolve. (The list is open for new members, by the way.)

Mrs. Clean & Co.

Heading our list is Marquesa Alessandro di Montezemolo whose looks hardly imply she's the stalwart type. This ashy blonde, whose easy humour of mind and fashion do not necessarily suggest her immense "tension of intelligence," has stalwarted herself out of what was once a very heavy cigarette life. She went clean some four years ago, and no amount of pressure can take her back. Method: first, a thorough reading of the Herbert Brean work on how to stop smoking, and application of the recommended procedures. Second, a substitute life that consisted of regular exercise workouts at a gymnasium, and careful, healthy eating. (She's a yoghurt fan, and knows her nutrition.) . . . Another successful Case is Miss Margaret Case, out of cigarette action for better than a year now. After a long pull with her conscience ("I was disgusted with cigarettes, felt they made me nervous, knew they made my eyes sting, and certainly couldn't be very attractive to the non-smoking gentlemen next to whom I might sit at dinner"), she has said that, despite all this, it took a broken arm to really break her cigarette habit. A fall on an icy pavement hospitalized her, and in the post-anaesthetic state, the idea of a cigarette was, for once, unappetizing. She decided to use that moment to make a clean break. How does she fare? Quite well. She gained a little weight at first, then settled back into her normal weight. She says there's a point, mid-afternoon, when she'd quite like a cigarette—"I feel a little hungry, a little 'gone' but I wouldn't start smoking again for *that*." . . . Young Mrs. Michael Thomas stopped smoking two years ago this month, giving up cigarettes in the only fashion she considered workable for her: "Totally, decidedly, and all at once—none of that cutting down and losing count and sneaking back up to smoking again." . . .

The semi-detached

Mrs. Frederick Melhado gives up cigarettes every January 1; stops completely, but makes an agreement with herself that if she wishes to return to cigarettes in the autumn, she will do so; then, when January 1 comes again, she'll stop again. (Some physicians heartily approve this method since it does give the individual a rest from cigarettes, and for the person whose will is bound to waver, it does not involve a violation of the conscience.) Mrs. Melhado's substitute for cigarettes is needlepoint. Enough to stock a small shop: the needlepoint rugs, pillows, and spectacle cases that have resulted. . . . Mrs. Winston Frost and Mrs. William McKnight, junior, both believe in broken-pattern smoking and non-smoking, and offer one another mutual encouragement. The form this takes is an annual wager—an undisclosed stake—winner wins all when the loser lights a cigarette. They find they feel much better when they're not smoking; neither, interestingly enough, has gained weight; but both are abashed that their resolve is not as firm as that of their husbands—Mr. McKnight stopped smoking twenty years ago; Mr. Frost joined the non-smokers one year ago. . . .

(Continued on page 74)



BASIC PINK
GOES WITH ABSOLUTELY NOTHING

except beige, blue, sepia, rose, orange, cherry, jade, lemon and plum, and needless to say, is basic with black. The most maneuverable shade we've ever made and so fresh on flesh, it doesn't matter what you put on. Lipstick, 2.00. Nail Lacquer, 1.00. Eyelid Make-up, 2.50. Eye Shadow, 2.00 plus tax.

Charles of the Ritz

©Dorothy Gray, Ltd., 1965

Discover

New Satura Cleansing Lotion, the unique deep cleanser that leaves your skin with a velvety softness.

Learn

The marvels of famous Satura, the true moisture cream that can give you a lovelier, more radiant complexion.

Save

Special introductory offer. You get a free $2.50 size of new Satura Cleansing Lotion with your purchase of famous Satura cream now at sale prices.

Take your first step to beauty. Even the greatest cream cannot work if pores are clogged or skin is filmed with soap residues. Satura Cleansing Lotion truly deep-cleans for beauty. Creamy but not greasy, it leaves your skin velvety soft. A special antiseptic works against bacteria. Just smooth on, wipe off. Your skin feels clear, clean, radiant.

Now, Satura. Perhaps you wonder which formula to use, Satura with or without hormones. Let's analyze the kind of cream you want and need. Satura with hormones is for the woman thirty or over who specifically needs a hormone cream to plump tiny wrinkles—to replace needed moisture. And Satura penetrates delicately, is never heavy or greasy.

What about Satura without hormones? This is for a different skin, which may or may not be younger. It tends to oiliness and requires a very light, moistening cream. If you are under thirty and have never used Satura, we suggest you try regular Satura first.

What can Satura promise me that other creams cannot? Satura's reputation has been built on results, not promises. Use it faithfully. Take extra time to apply carefully. Get double beauty benefits by using a gentle film of Satura Lotion daily under make-up. What your mirror shows you will be more impressive than anything we could say about Satura.

How should I use Satura? After cleansing, massage Satura into your skin thoroughly, using upward strokes. Apply more, circling the eyes and upwards from chin to nose. Allow Satura's moisture to sink into your skin for a few minutes. As you sleep Satura will smooth and moisturize.

Final touch—In the morning pat on Satura Freshener to bring out the beauty you gain with Satura. What does it take to be more beautiful? You and Satura. Offer expires April 15, 1965.

Lovely ladies choose **Dorothy Gray**

free as air in
Skylark

Lithe new shapings in a blithe new blue. The lacy stretch-strap bra plus-ed with downy Dacron® to make the most of you. We call it The Filibuster. 30-36A, 32-36B, $5.

The Matador Molder pantie in our sheer wonder, Power Mist of Lycra,® incredibly light and airy, with a contoured derriere. S, M, L, $11.

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OLD TOWN SHOE CO., 179 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass. 02111



Choice of colors in misses sizes. About $95. At Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash., D.C.; Higbee's, Cleveland.

The mark of a perceptive woman

This graceful dress by B. H. Wragge with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

Smart thinking. To look for the wool mark. When you see it with this pale blue 2-piece dress of boucle mesh worsted. A you know the fabric is the world's best...pure wool. B.H.Wragge pure wool with the unique ability to be gracefully mobile, makes it pure flattery. Puts new softness into the tailored look, yet keep its shape. The Wool Bureau, Inc., New York, N. Y.

**This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc.
to quality products made of the world's best . . . pure wool.**

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After five – the dive
to wickedly graceful
depths. Hold
your breath!

THE
DEEP DIVING
DRESS-SHAPER

Sheer. Sheer! Sheer!
Nylon net and all softness.
The swan-diving bra
in the color to plunge with –
Powder Buff. Tiny tucks
under each cup uphold, mold.
Low U-shaped Rave back.

Only Formfit/Rogers has it: Our sheer Nylon Dress-Shaper bandeau with fluted undercups and jewel neckline... plunges back and front! Sizes: 32A to 38C in Powder Buff or White. Ask for Style 0596. $4.

Formfit/Rogers • 530 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10036 • A fashion division of GENESCO



Choice of colors in misses sizes. About $110. At Hudson's, Detroit; Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, West Coast.

The mark of a clever woman

This striking coat by Zelinka Matlick with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

Bright way to start. Look for the wool mark. It tells you the fabric is the world's best...pure wool. Next comes the brilliance of Zelinka Matlick, a smashing coat with a dress look. Madly feminine in a subtle, tailored way, gently shaped of lightweight needlepoint worsted. Pure wool with the character to keep its shape and flexibility. The Wool Bureau, Inc., New York, N. Y.

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to quality products made of the world's best... pure wool.**



The French Understand a Woman...know that she must feel beautiful the moment she begins to dress. And so this magnificent Elysée collection was created. Never has an American manufacturer presented so elegant a collection. High fashion corsetry...created in Paris, designed in Paris, outrageously pampered with delightful French touches...romantic color combinations, French laces and voiles, delicate wiring, enchanting frou-frou. And the secret...American patterns made to fit the American figure superbly.

ELYSÉE, BY TRU BALANCE CORSETS, INC., 136 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK.

ELYSÉE BRASSIERES OF IMPORTED NET AND LACE FROM $9. TO $25. COORDINATED GIRDLES FROM $22.50 TO $45. AT FINEST STORES EVERYWHERE.



In misses sizes. About $225. At Bonwit Teller, all stores; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash., D.C.; I. Magnin, West Coast; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati.

The mark of a discerning woman

This flattering suit by Hannah Troy with the mark of the world's best...pure wool

Distinguishing factor: the wool mark. It tells you the fabric is the world's best...pure wool. The suit, Hannah Troy's superb design: cropped pea-jacket, belted or not, with softness at neckline and wrists. The fabric: navy grospoint worsted. Pure wool with a talent for tailoring. With a natural gift for keeping its good looks. The Wool Bureau, Inc., New York, N. Y.

**This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc.
to quality products made of the world's best . . . pure wool.**

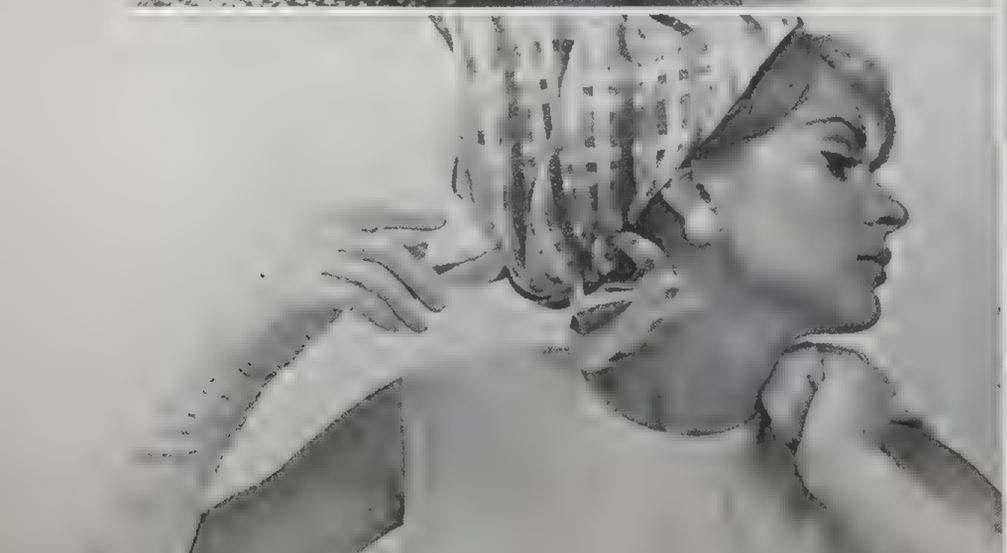




What's what with what?

This is one spring when chic women are going to feel quite naked without gloves (and even though it's none of our business), we say hats. Somehow, the simplicity of fashion, the almost "no-cut" clothes, hunger for some exclamation points, and Kislav's whipped cream French kids finish a costume better than anything we know. Here are four different lengths of our innocent, irresistible Kislavs, designed precisely to point up a delectable shoulder or a charming wrist. Colors are more subdued than ever, even absent. And Kislavs, the most famous gloves in the world, are named after qui-se-lave (meaning that which is washable) and they <u>are</u> in our Effervescent Glove Bath.

KISLAV







Choice of colors in misses sizes. About $45. At Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; Hudson's, Detroit; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash., D.C.; I. Magnin, West Coast.

The mark of a smart woman

This knowing little dress by Sloat with the mark of the world's best...pure wool.

Wise choice — the fashion with the wool mark. It means the fabric is the world's best . . . pure wool. Here, Sloat chooses a navy and white checked worsted for this trim dress, front paneled for mobility and ease. A pure wool that keeps its artful shape, that stays fresh as spring year after year. The Wool Bureau, Inc., New York, N. Y.

**This mark is awarded by the Wool Bureau, Inc.
to quality products made of the world's best . . . pure wool.**

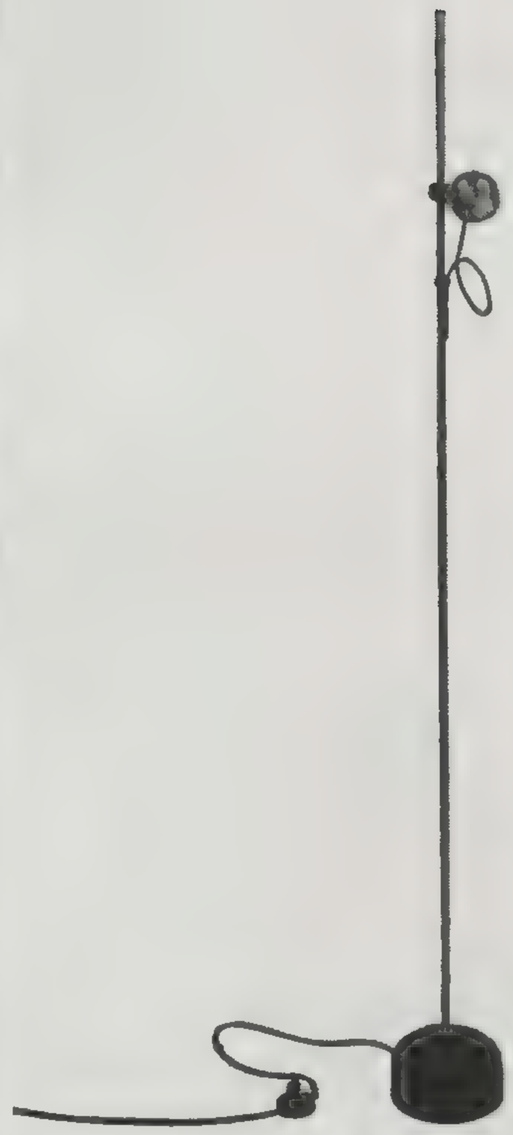


Under all, this summer stay cool

. . . fresh 'n pretty to give your cottons and sheers that just-put-on look . . . hours and hours later. How? by underlining fashions with DAVRABLEND*, a soft, wrinkle-resistant 'breathing' Dacron® Avril blend slip with double skirt front and back (ideal under transparencies) Curved midriff for closer fit. In average and short 32-38, White and Black. $7.00

At B. Altman & Co., Chas. Stevens, Famous-Barr, J. W. Robinson, Liberty House, Rich's and Titche's.
*Trademark of Henson-Kickernick, Inc., Greenville, Texas

Strong magic: new

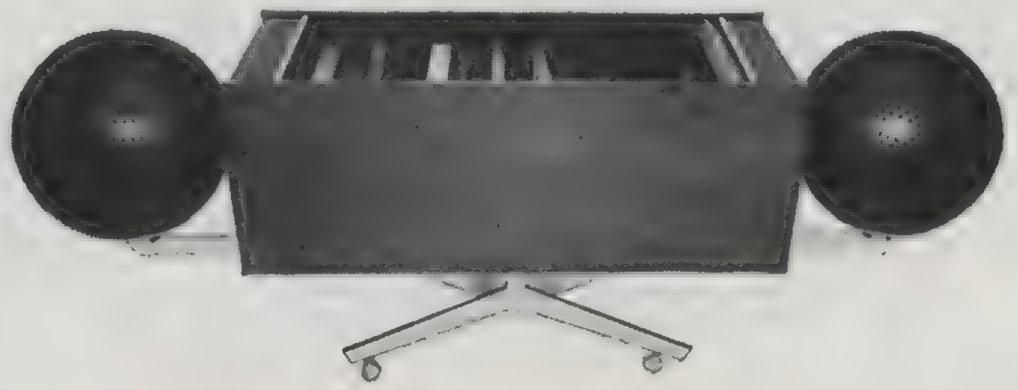


Here, in brief, and mostly in miniature, are some of the most powerful, inventive, and promising life-brighteners of the year. By no coincidence, they are also good-looking. Some are in shops now. Others, still electronic pie-in-the-sky, may be. *Left:* A narrow, powerful blaze of light, one of the newest of the new task lights, jets from a sphere about the size of a black metal baseball, held by a movable magnet to a 62″ tall nickel-plated pole. The fistful of light can be aimed anywhere. Footpower on a button on the cord turns it on. From Stiffel.



Right: A solar clock that, in two hours, making power from light much as a satellite does, can store up enough energy to run a year. (If the sun goes out, a flashlight will do.) By Elgin, in a brass case about eight inches wide.

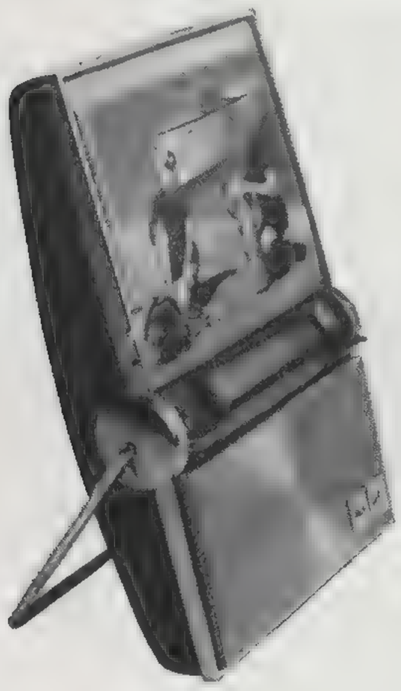
Below: Sound, quite simply, in the round—a superb radio-record player cased in a palisander wood-and-leather box, with, as speakers, two spheres of pierced black metal which offer extraordinary flexibility for the re-creation of sound as it sounded. Called "Project G," by Clairtone, this tidy machine won a design prize at the 1964 Milan Triennale.



and future gadgets

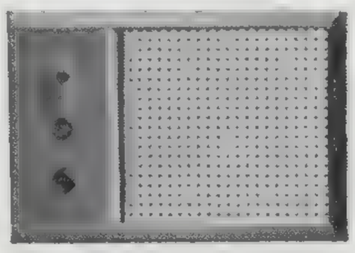


Right: This "Electronic Key" may, for starters, turn on the furnace in a country house by remote control; open the windows; heat the oven; or put the top up or down on a car. It could be programmed for eight chores at a swack. What's more it's both a private two-way and regular commercial radio, with a thermometer, barometer, clock, and calendar. All this may be put by RCA in a projected machine the size of two cigarette packs.

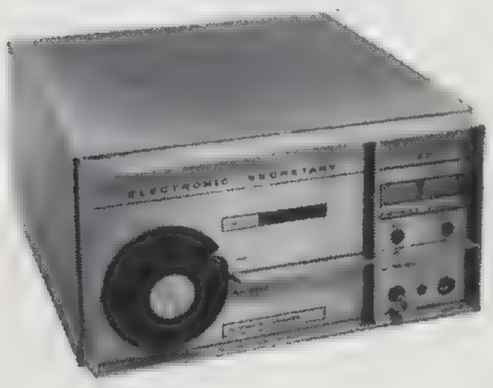


Left: Colour portable television, contained in a case about as large as a pocket mystery—the whole neat package, cordless, easel-backed, is a gleam in the eye at RCA Victor, where it is called "Pockette."

Right: A telephone with nothing to hold—a wave of the hand turns it on and off—that doubles as an intercom and will also open the front door. This smooth device, soon from General Telephone, sets flush in the wall, can be tuned up or down.



Below: This "Electronic Secretary" can take telephone messages or give instructions to servants or the children. A light tells when a message is waiting, and erasable, reusable tape cartridges transmit complicated directions—an enviable quality. This brainchild, which can't catch cold, resign, or fall in love, comes from General Telephone.





Above all, this summer stay pretty

Start with the right underliner in the right fabric. This one protects your fashions on the warmest days. The 'breathing' fabric is always-fresh, wrinkle-resistant DAVRABLEND* in a slim-fitting sleeved slip designed to flatter your summer silhouettes. In average and short 32-38, assorted colors. $6.00

At B. Altman & Co., Chas. Stevens, Famous-Barr, J. W. Robinson, Liberty House, Rich's and Titche's.

*Trademark of Henson-Kickernick, Inc., Greenville, Texas



PROBLEM PERSPIRATION Solved

—even for those who perspire heavily

A new-type formula has been found to keep underarms absolutely dry—even for thousands who perspire heavily.

After decades of common "deodorants," it took a chemical invention to make this truly effective protection possible—with the same safety to clothing—the same skin mildness as popular "deodorants." Called Mitchum Anti-Perspirant, it is the product of a trustworthy 52-year-old laboratory. By the thousands, women with problem perspiration are finding the protection they need—and never could find before. And fully effective as a deodorant, too, of course.

If you perspire more than average—even heavily—get the positive protection of Mitchum Anti-Perspirant. Liquid—*smoothes on thru satin.* Or Cream—*vanishing, non-sticky.* Each $3.00 plus tax.

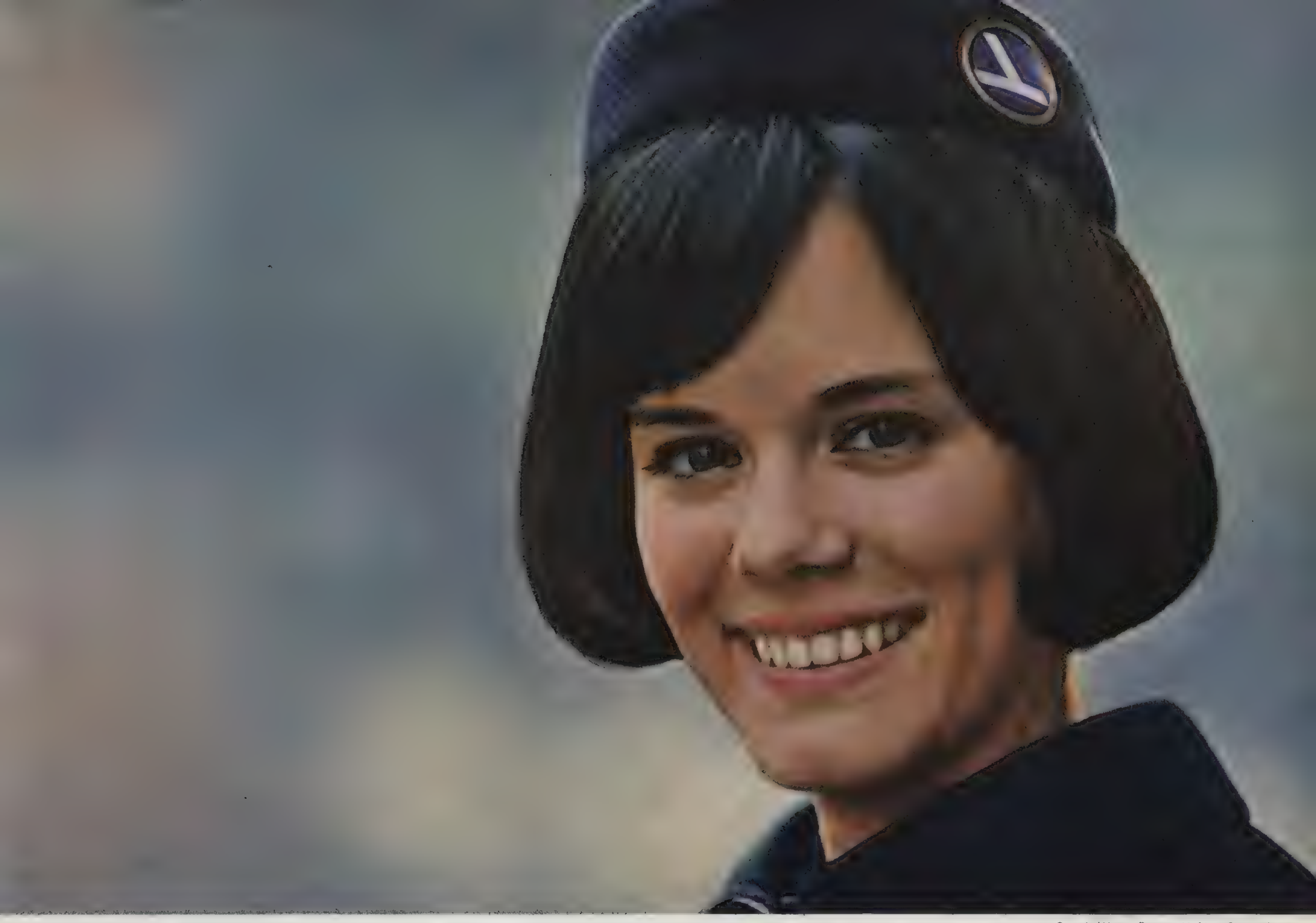
BOTH HAVE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE—If you are not entirely satisfied with Mitchum Anti-Perspirant, liquid or cream, return package to the store where you bought it. Stores are authorized to refund full cash price.



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OR CREAM

Featured at all leading cosmetic counters

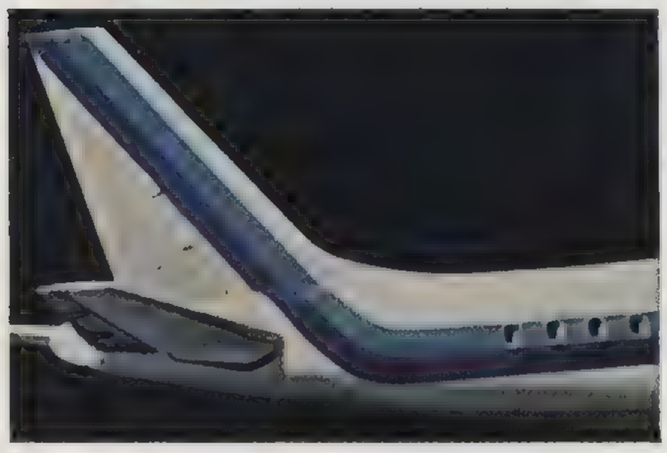
Mitchum ANTI-PERSPIRANT



Pamela Ware – Eastern Air Lines Stewardess

Why does an Eastern Stewardess wear a suit newly designed by Don Loper?

For the same reason our fleet has a sparkling new look.

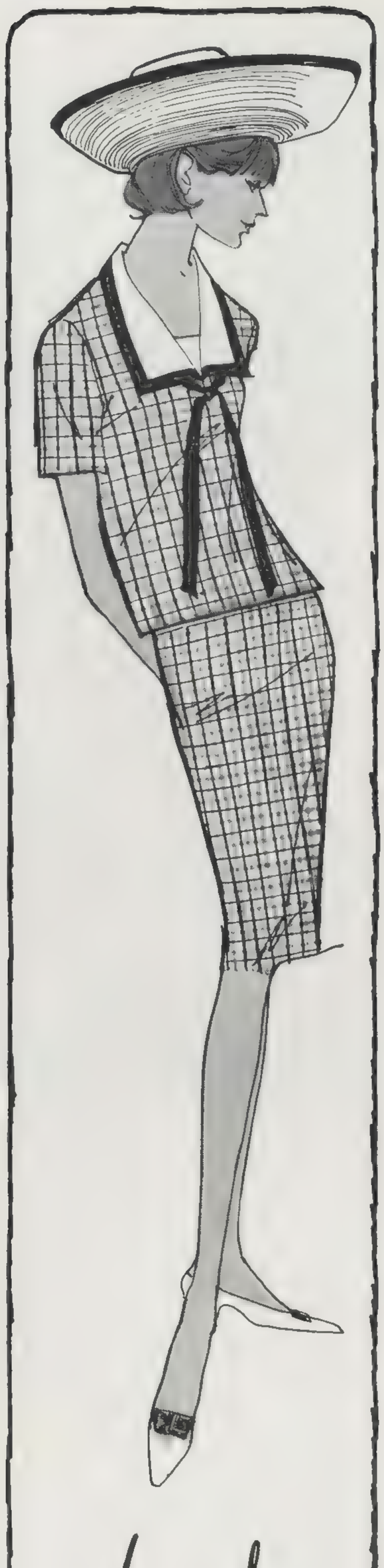


For the same reason you can await your flight call in a Falcon Lounge. Or be helped by one of our Ground Hostesses. Or be served a dinner on Famous Restaurant flights prepared by Voisin, The Pump Room and other famous restaurants.

Why will you find new quiet on Eastern, new comfort, new elegance? Because we are finding new ways to make Eastern the finest airline you've ever flown on. New ways to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern."

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Gay, young, lively . . . the look of Lorch of Dallas. Tattersall check two-piece overblouse dress designed by Wayne Steele. Carefree Dacron® polyester and cotton blend. Brown, blue, or red on white. 8 to 18. $25.

NEIMAN-MARCUS

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Beauty Checkout

(Continued from page 58)

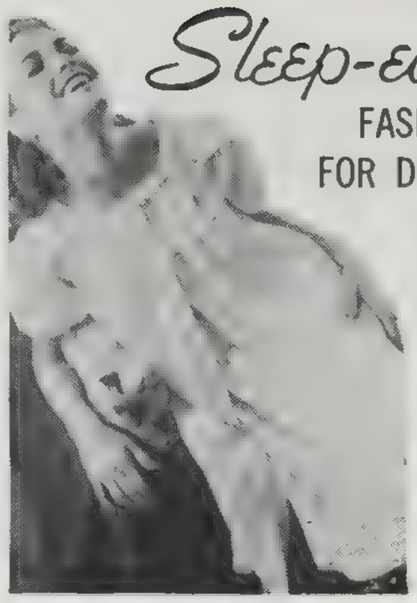
Mr. Clean David Naylor-Leyland, formerly a three-packs-a-day man, found himself seated at lunch one day next to a friend who'd been forced to give up smoking for some pretty unfunny medical reasons. Enquiring about the number of cigarettes Mr. Naylor-Leyland smoked each day, the non-smoking gentleman was rewarded with a reply that astonished even the replier. "I don't smoke at all," Mr. Naylor-Leyland discovered himself saying—and he has made this the truth of the matter ever since. . . . Lewis Douglas, junior, smoked like a hard-pressed New England chimney for years; zealously followed every route on the map to non-smokersville. After no success with tranquillizers, special subliminal recordings, and even a go at hypnosis, he devised his own method. According to Mrs. Douglas, her husband finally made the big break by buying cigarettes as usual, putting them in his mouth as usual, but simply never lighting them. Last time he lighted a cigarette (his own, that is) was exactly four years ago. . . . Cary Grant, on the other hand, is on record as having been off cigarettes for twelve years, thanks to hypnosis. He feels so strongly about cigarettes that he won't light a cigarette for anyone; the women in his life have come to accept this. . . . And Delmer Daves, the writer-director-producer, hasn't smoked since 1952; has practised instead a form of persuasion he calls self-hypnosis. This consists of saying to himself repeatedly: "In this world there are no cigarettes for me. There are cigarettes for other people, but not for me." One hundred percent successful conversation. . . . Peter Duchin sometimes smokes a pipe, occasionally a cigar, but it's been three years since a cigarette. What broke the barrier initially was a trip to Greece, at which time, moved by the endless sea and sky, he was struck by the aesthetic impropriety of cigarettes. They seemed out of place then; still do. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Clean Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodgers are both on the Honours List, though their entries date sixteen years apart. Mrs. Rodgers, the more recent joiner, gave up cigarettes when she was writing her book, *My Favorite Things*, then went back to smoking on a ten-cigarettes-a-day basis, but found the accounting work this method demanded impossible. Next move: she asked herself three questions. First, "Do I belong to the group that doesn't believe the statistics that prove smoking is harmful?" Second, "Do I belong to the group that says, 'It can't happen to me?' " Third, "Do I belong to the group that believes it can happen but doesn't care?" Because her answer to all three questions was no, she used this as the rope she clung to in swinging totally away from cigarettes. When friends ask her advice on giving up smoking, she suggests they diet first for a week or so, then go off cigarettes. She believes this is the best way to outsmart the weight-gain that's a frequent sequel to sudden non-smoking. . . . Dr. Joel Pressman hasn't liked cigarettes for years; an ear-nose-throat man, he advised his wife, Claudette Colbert, to call it quits with cigarettes for the sake of her throat. Did she stop? Yes. But only after a visit to her dentist who warned her that her teeth were losing their looks because of cigarettes. . . .

YOU'LL FIND

Sleep-ease

FASHIONS FOR DREAMING



shown on opposite page

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New York Lace.....Taunton
Filene's ..... Worcester
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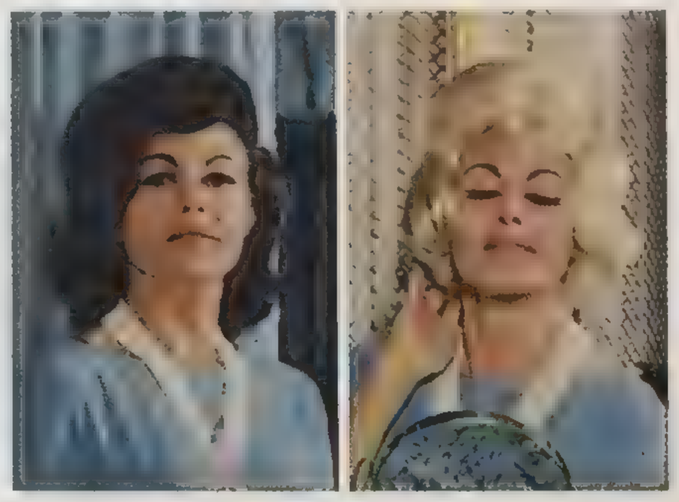
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TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

The Shape of Madeira:

"blown there by the wind"

Madeira shoots out of the Atlantic like a cornucopia spilling with flowers. . . . Landing on the island's new airstrip, a mocha-brown, bulldozed ledge, feels like landing aboard the deck of an airplane carrier with the ocean a cliff's edge below. . . . Roads coil around the dizzyingly steep island, like thread around a spool. . . . Clinging on mountain slopes, terraced fields, economically tailored to fit, slant dangerously.

Farmers tending crops move like tightrope walkers. . . . Although Madeira exports butter, there is no room for pasture—cows live in thatched huts in solitary confinement. . . . In the mountains, men wear fudge-brown, coarse, knitted caps with pompons and earmuffs. . . . Both men and women wear pale leather boots. . . . In white pinafores, children go barefoot on the copper-brown tufa, a soft stone which slices easily as cake. . . . Clear, mountain water flows fast in conduits carved out of tufa. . . . Sitting on stoops under trees weighted with fruit, sharp-eyed peasant women wrapped in shawls embroider as patiently as Penelopes.

Along the spiral roads of Funchal, Madeira's port and capital city, massive flowering branches lurch over walls like prisoners escaping. . . . Speeding cars hug walls like cats. . . . Houses hang on cliffs as if blown there by the wind. . . . Pottery figures of doves, lions, dogs, and curly heads of children ornament the corners of red-tiled roofs. . . . Unlike that of most islands, Madeira's dry air has the brittleness of mountain air. . . . It smells delicious. . . . Pines, eucalyptus, and mimosa have the concentrated smell of old-fashioned pharmacies.

"Silver" bananas, half the size of ordinary bananas and tasting twice as sweet, are the island's newest enterprise. . . . Local advice on the island's famous product, Madeira wine: treat wine like a baby or an old man; handle with care. To avoid evaporation and to preserve an opened bottle of Madeira, pour remnants of bottle into a half-bottle. . . . Because British interests have controlled, for years, most of this Portuguese island's economy—especially wine and sugar—island life reflects a deep-rooted British charge. . . . English is the second language.

At that remarkable establishment, Reid's Hotel, room waiters announce themselves automatically in English, even to non-English-speaking guests. (The French sometimes take a dim view of this.) . . . In answer to the push-button ring for elevators, a small button flashes "coming." . . . To page guests, bellboys carry school-sized slates with room numbers. . . . Contoured around a high cliff and sheltered like a fortress smothered in gardens, Reid's maintains a Victorian rhythm: black-tie evenings, after-dinner dancing, afternoon teas, kipper and steak breakfasts. . . . To swim, guests ride an elevator blasted in rock down to ledges carved in cliffs, roped with white chains; there they sun on mattresses marked, like steamer chairs, with their names.

At dawn birds clatter. . . . All day, the black and white mosaic pavements weary the feet and enchant the eye. . . . At night, the sea's shhhh soothes and the enormous yellow flowers on jacaranda trees close up like butterfly wings. . . . But only Madeira's bloom is exuberant—the island preserves an innocent charm.

USEFUL TO KNOW: *At Reid's Hotel, single rooms with meals, now to May 1, $16; in summer to December 15, $11. TAP, Portuguese Airways, flies every day from Lisbon to Madeira; the ninety-minute flight, round-trip fare, about $85 in economy class.*



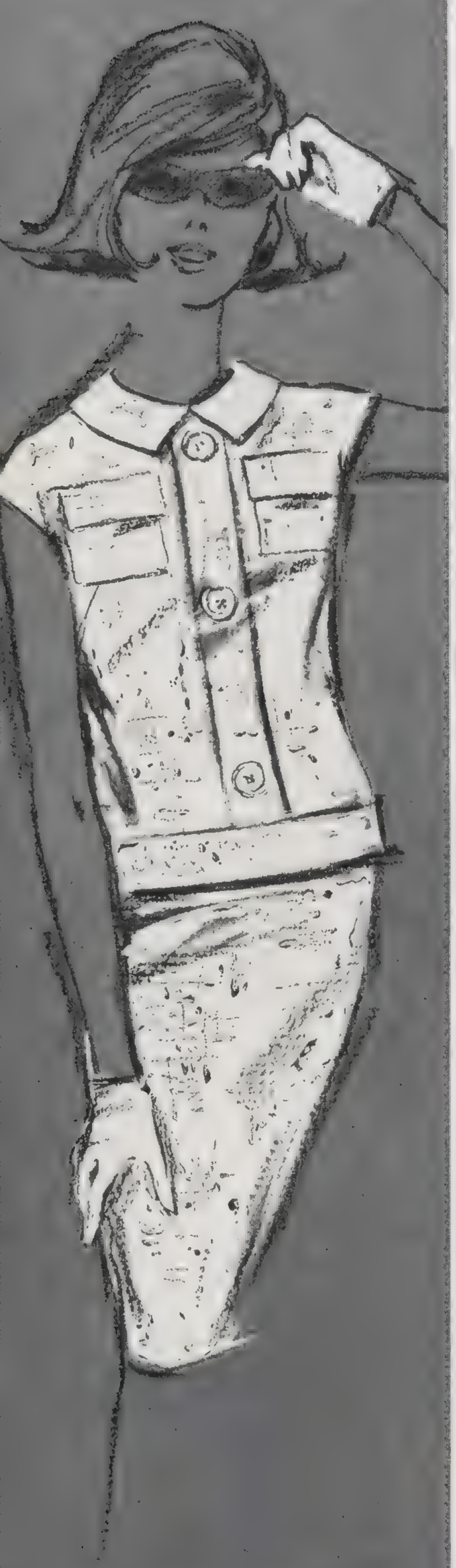
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Youth Is Not an Age

By Heather Ross Miller

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Heather Ross Miller is the author of a brief, terrifying first novel,* The Edge of the Woods, *which from start to finish rings true, as some singers sing true. Mrs. Miller, born and raised in North Carolina, graduated magna cum laude from the University of North Carolina in Greensboro, where she studied with the poet Randall Jarrell. She lives in her native state with her husband, a forester, and their two small children. Twenty-five years old, she has a young face dominated by wise old eyes, which is as good a way as any to describe her writing.*

It is hard to write of youth, when you are young yourself, without sounding like a manifesto. It is like standing up before the world and shouting, "Look! I've made God and all His angels." And when those same angels come to take you away to heaven, why of course you've probably made heaven, too.

Certainly being young is not all pep rallies or débutante balls, silver charms, hootenannys, and freedom from care. To be young is to be beautiful and miserable, impatient and myopic, ambivalent, tender, and cruelly zealous. A person is young when he is tolerant and vigorous for the right things and shows little erosion.

Youthfulness is never immaturity, for immaturity is the mark of someone only lately come into being. An immature person has not yet reached that prime period of strength and beauty and resilience. Immaturity too often lingers, however, and long passes for youth and thus prevents any genuine accomplishment from ever developing. This same sort of immaturity readily erodes youth and washes it away in a flood of exasperating senility.

In "Sailing to Byzantium," Yeats wrote:

> That is no country for old men. The young
> In one another's arms, birds in the trees. . . .

Of course, Yeats was not young when he wrote the poem and he seems to mourn not lost youth (which is vain), but lost understanding (which is irrevocable). Age truly belongs to the body, to time and the condition of protoplasm, and to the passing of the seasons. No one can stop the calendar. But real youth, to my way of thinking, is not an age. Rather it is a feeling, perhaps a little peculiar at times, but a definite feeling that one carries around within. The country of which Yeats wrote was really no country and had no map. The young in one another's arms have always been there. And thank God for that. Youth holds dominion over us all.

When I first met my husband, he was thirty-six and I was nineteen. Nearly everyone was firmly opposed to our romance. But, to me, he was younger in attitude and manner than any boy of twenty and behaved with a good deal more insight and plain sense. And after almost five years of marriage and two children, he is still the same youthful, appealing, compassionate man that he was during our difficult courtship. The only difference in our ages is that marked by the calendar.

Youth is indeed a feeling, a way of living, and I fervently hope it shall always prevail. The young men and women of today, in the United States and elsewhere, are being faced with awesome responsibilities and are often forced to make decisions that a generation or two ago would have automatically been left up to their parents. The three who went to Philadelphia, Mississippi, last summer and never came back attest to this fact.

And there was a President who, although he was forty-six at the time of his assassination, was still considered by young people everywhere to be their leader. "The torch has been passed . . . ," he said, and surely it has been. We live in a tense world and we are the ones who will lead it tomorrow. And there are stumbling blocks all along the way.

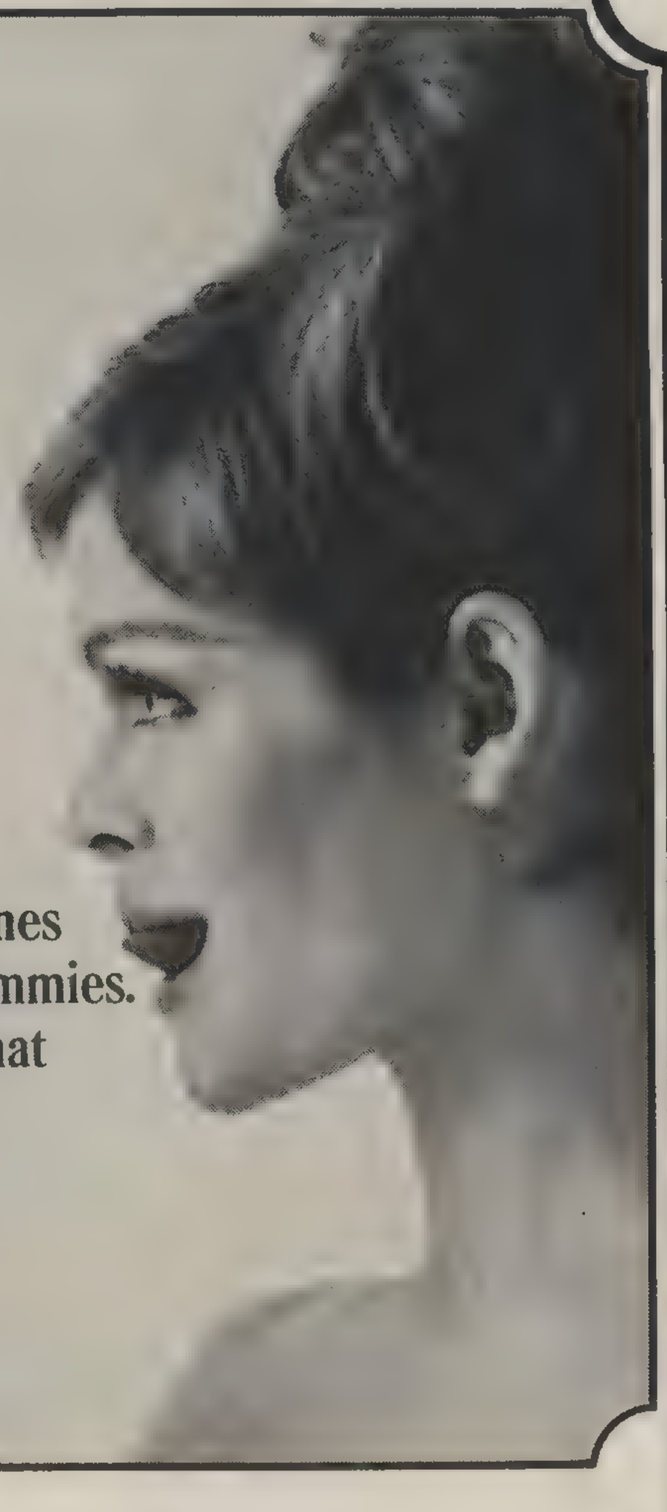
Nevertheless, I am exquisitely glad that I am among the young and that my husband is also and that our ears are still tuned to the sensual music of which Yeats wrote. A Swiss philosopher once wrote that if a person were to sit alone in the light of a full moon and think, those particular thoughts would reveal how old the person was and if he had been truly happy in life. When my autumn comes, as it surely must, I think I will be able to sit alone in the moonlight and look back and say, "It's been a fine summer."

Coming in March 15 Vogue . . .

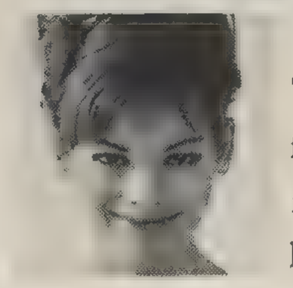
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VOGUE'S

The glorious sounds, in Los Angeles, of the new Pavilion of Music



1

In Los Angeles the cultural climax of years of effort came with the opening of the Pavilion of Music, columned, tawny, glassy, rising like a coloratura's high C. Its opening night was historic and superb as some three thousand guests wandered, enchanted, through the honey-coloured building, the first of three great halls on a hilltop which will form the Los Angeles Music Center for the Performing Arts. In the golden cup of the auditorium they listened to Zubin Mehta conduct a program designed to show the brilliance of the flexible acoustics, and to Jascha Heifetz, in a rare appearance. Afterwards the guests, as pleased as



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NOTEBOOK



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though they had won an Olympic race, had champagne supper in rooms the colour of gold. The presiding genius of the evening was Mrs. Norman Chandler who had raised most of the money for the Center, making all this possible.

1. The Grand Hall. 2. Mrs. Norman Chandler. 3. Mr. Welton D. Becket, the building's chief architect. 4. Mr. Zubin Mehta, conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. 5. Mrs. Otis Chandler. 6. Mrs. Charles E. Ducommun; Mr. Henry Salvatori. 7. Mr. and Mrs .William L. Pereira. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Rowan.



7



8



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gourmet food, often, in Boston's
favorite rendezvous rooms
for bon vivants—
The Hungry Pilgrim and the
Thirsty Pilgrim.



The New* Statler Hilton

VOGUE'S

The Chilean National Ballet, in New York: a flashing opening-night benefit performance



1

The evening began big and stayed that way. In the New York State Theater, the Chilean National Ballet performed, for the first time in this country, to benefit New York University's internationally effective Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation and to honour its founder, Dr. Howard A. Rusk. Distinguished South and North Americans gathered for a reception after the performance at the theatre's spectacular Promenade, then settled down for supper at small, gaily coloured tables, listened to a saxophone, an accordion, a bass,



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NOTEBOOK



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and a tin horn playing the Brazilian song, "The Girl from Ipanema."

1. Scene from "Carmina Burana." 2. Ambassador Sergio Gutierrez-Olivos of Chile decorating Dr. Howard A. Rusk. 3. Ambassador and Señora Sergio Gutierrez-Olivos. 4. Mr. Ernst Uthoff. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bernstein. 6. Señorita María Teresa Méndez Villamil; Mr. Charles W. Cole; Mrs. Joseph Wilshire, benefit chairman. 7. Mrs. Bouvier Beale; Mr. Arthur Hale. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Roozen.



7



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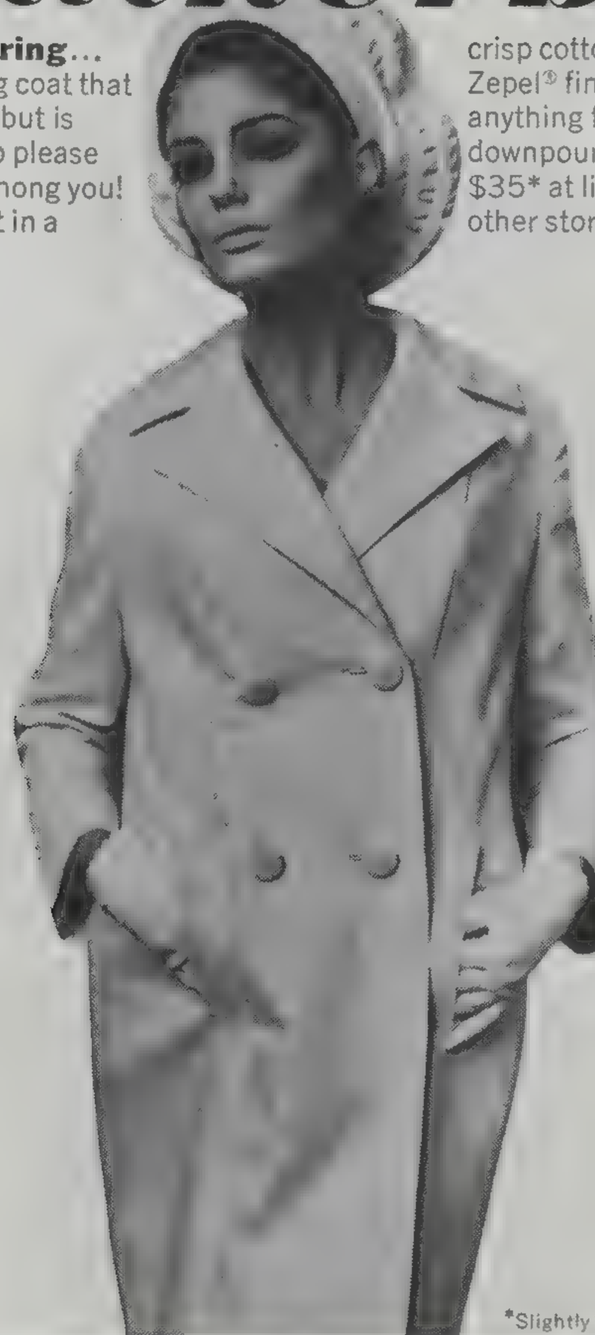
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VOGUE'S

An all-night dance in Washington, at the Samuel J. Lanahans'



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It began when most parties end, at one in the morning, and lasted till dawn. Given on Inaugural night by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Lanahan and Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Ridder at the Lanahans' Washington house, the party had the feel of an after-hours club where friends could find each other when the official celebrating was over. Upstairs in the living room the talkers—the New York politicians, the diplomats—talked, furiously, funnily. Downstairs on the terrace, under a blue-and-white tent, the dancers danced, furiously, funnily, with Killer Joe at one point leading cabinet officers and ambassadors in the Bostella, the new dance from Paris in which everybody falls down as in a nursery game. Throughout the night, the supper summed up the free-



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NOTEBOOK



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wheeling flavour of the evening and of the Inaugural week: champagne, omelettes made to order, and deer-meat sausage straight from Johnson City, Texas.

1. Mrs. Walter T. Ridder; Mr. Charles E. Rogers. 2. Mr. John Kenneth Galbraith; Mrs. Samuel J. Lanahan. 3. Chefs serving supper. 4. Mr. W. Averell Harriman; Mr. and Mrs. William vanden Heuvel; Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, junior. 5. Secretary Stewart L. Udall; Mrs. Herman Wouk. 6. Mrs. R. Peter Straus; Mr. James Rowe, junior. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brown; Mrs. B. K. Nehru, wife of the Indian Ambassador. 8. Mrs. G. Ahmed, wife of the Pakistan Ambassador; Mrs. William S. Wasserman; Mrs. Edward P. Morgan.



8

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

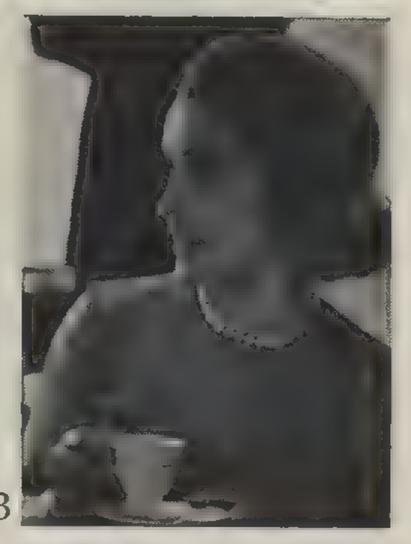
A Scopitone party at the Denniston L. Slaters'



1



2



3



4

"What *is* it?" asked one guest. The others knew. There, in action, in the marble-floored foyer of the New York apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Denniston L. Slater was a Scopitone—the animated juke box with colour film synchronized with each record. After dinner, nearly one hundred guests slipped from beige room to beige room, pausing to watch the small screen where, at one point, above his record "Belles, Belles, Belles," Claude François spent his three minutes twisting in the snow.

1. Mr. and Mrs. Denniston L. Slater with, behind them, the Scopitone. 2. Vicomtesse de Ribes; Mrs. Richard E. Berlin. 3. Miss Dina Merrill. 4. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor with, centre, Mrs. George F. Baker.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Ivan Morris

Tartuffe,

"grotesquely overacted"

Tartuffe is one of the two most successful plays by the greatest writer of dramatic comedy in the West; but Mr. William Ball, the director of the current production of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, evidently does not believe it. He has felt obliged to trick out Molière's lines (forced into iambic pentameters by Richard Wilbur) with a succession of meretricious inventions, coy gags, winks, giggles, prances, flouncings, and juvenile clowning. When Joyce Ebert, for instance, as the daughter of Orgon (the master of the house) is plied with drink by the family servant, she has to go through an embarrassing routine of hiccoughing and, after being told to marry Tartuffe, she must forever flap her limp hands to show how helpless and unhappy she feels. This is the stuff of simpleminded farce; Molière needs none of it.

Tartuffe himself, the bogus chaplain, is grotesquely overacted by Michael O'Sullivan. Instead of the subdued, sinister, unctuous figure who has been so brilliantly portrayed by Louis Jouvet and actors of the Comédie Française, we are presented with a hysterical, sputtering buffoon who rants and weeps and declaims, but could not possibly deceive even an Orgon, let alone shock an audience into realizing the power of hypocrisy.

When first performed three centuries ago, *Tartuffe* provoked such violent indignation from the devout that it was prohibited by the king himself. Louis XIV might have prohibited Mr. Ball's production—but not for the same reason.

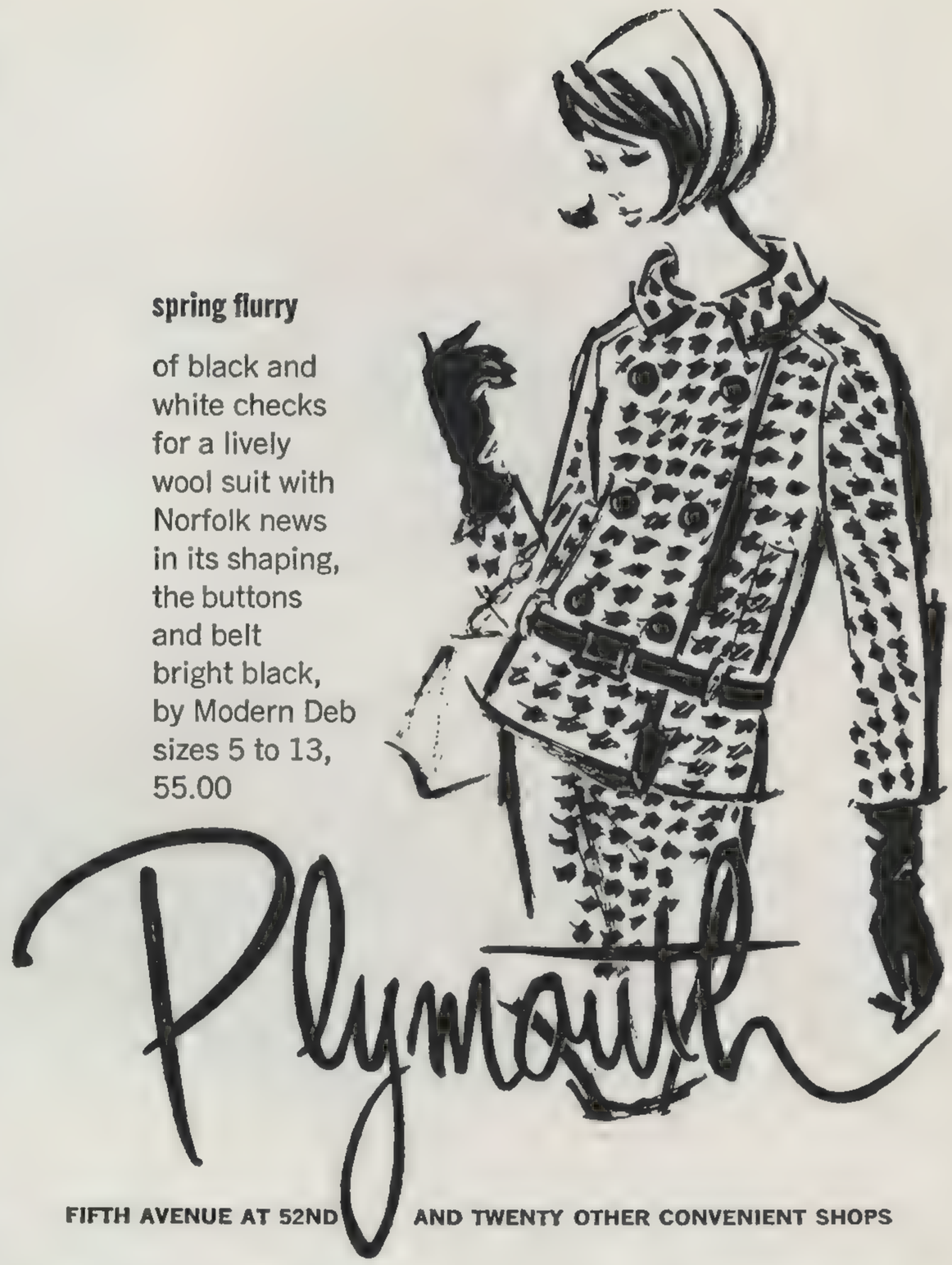
War and Peace,

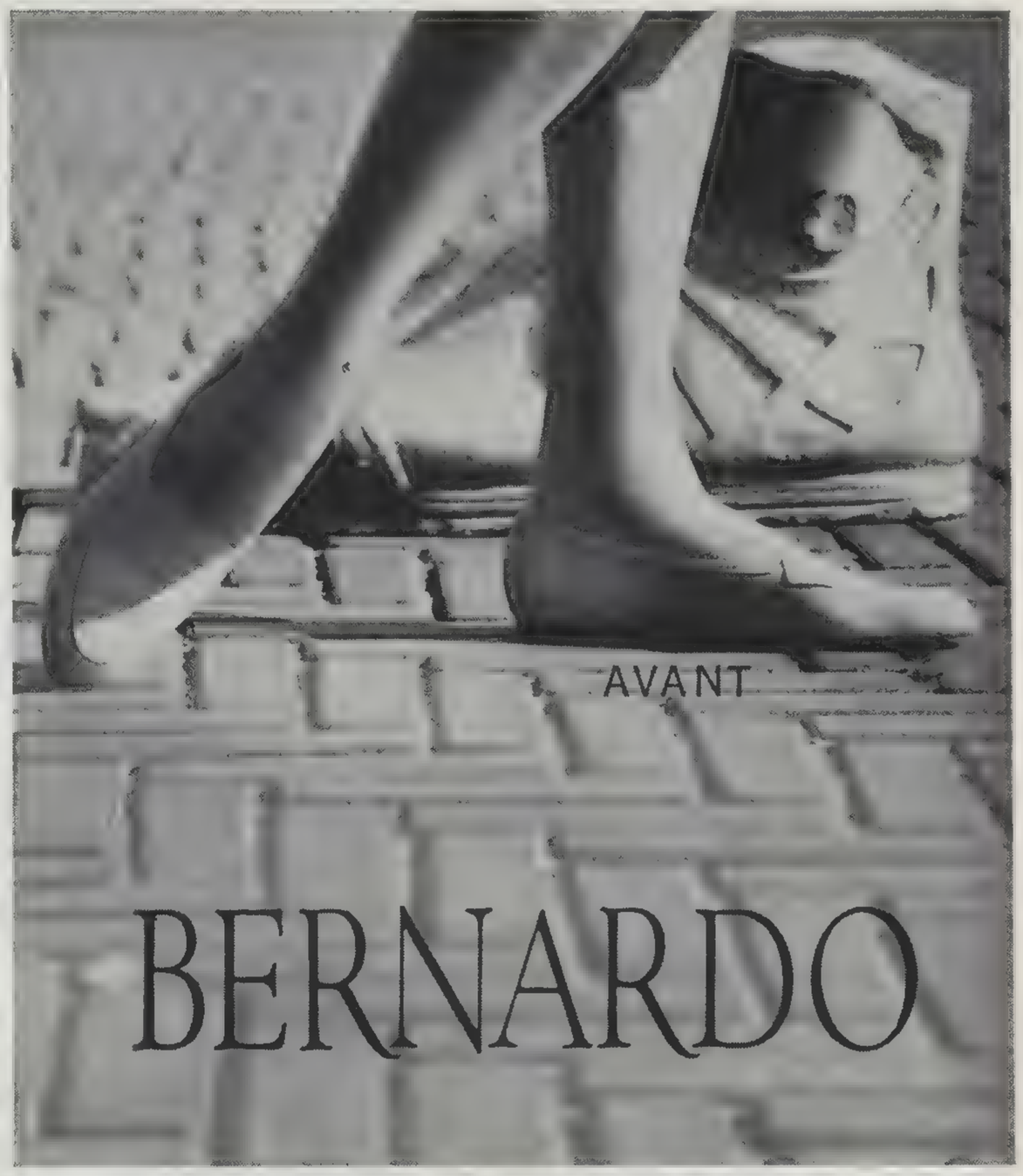
"pretentious popularization"

For those who have never read *War and Peace* and are invincibly determined not to do so, the current production at the Phoenix may provide some glimmers of the main themes and characters in Tolstoy's vast novel. Translated from a version by Erwin Piscator and two other German writers, it is a pretentious popularization which will embarrass, annoy, and worst of all, bore almost anyone who has enjoyed the masterpiece on which it is based. As a rule, adaptations of great novels for the stage are effective only if they can bring particular aspects of the original into fresh focus. Piscator and his coadaptors, however, have simply strung together some of the more familiar incidents from *War and Peace.*

True, there is a heavy-handed attempt to convey Tolstoy's ideas about the stupidity of war and the rôle of chance in its outcome. In case these subtleties should escape us, a narrator, Clayton Corzatte, is on hand to explain the story and its themes. Dressed in a dinner jacket and acting with what I take to be puckish charm, he would make a perfect nightclub compere; but he could hardly be more incongruous in the Tolstoyan world, and his portentous pronouncements sound as appropriate as would a recitation of The Sermon on the Mount by a vaudeville comedian.

The staging, by Ellis Rabb, is lively and inventive, and some of the actors, particularly Sydney Walker as Prince Bolkonski and Rosemary Harris as Natasha, make a gallant showing. But they are hopelessly bedevilled by their material. Although of average length, the play seems endless, and the last line will strike a responsive chord in any lover of Tolstoy: the narrator, having regaled us with the momentous idea that nowadays war is even more destructive than in Napoleon's time, asks, "How much longer?"





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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Jean Stafford

Queen Victoria: Born to Succeed,
"an appalling and fascinating epoch"

Thomas Carlyle once said of Queen Victoria that she was like a tiny canary gazing in terror at a thunderstorm. But her most recent biographer, Elizabeth Longford, dismisses this as a flight of fancy: "Queen Victoria was sometimes like a thunderstorm, never like a canary." In a long, absorbing book, *Queen Victoria: Born to Succeed* (Harper and Row), Lady Longford presents her protean subject as an eagle and as a goose. The Queen was given to tantrums and hypochondria but she was, as well, equipped with common sense and fortitude; to King Leopold, her uncle, she wrote, "*Great* events make me quiet and calm; it is only trifles that irritate my nerves." Attempts on her life, which were many, never turned a hair of her head, but insects, the fear of going blind, and turtle soup gave her the horrors.

Lady Longford has remarkably extricated the woman from the legend. She resuscitates a self-embattled being who, despite her neuroses, remained sternly faithful to the pledge she made at the age of ten, "I will be good." When Victoria was a child, a sprig of holly "was often pinned to the front of her dress to keep her chin up," and although she was privately victimized by melancholy, paralyzing lethargy, and seizures of rage, this is the position in which she kept it throughout her long life.

The paradoxes that beset Her plump, diminutive Majesty were extravagant. She abominated pregnancy and childbirth (". . . it is such a complete violence to all one's feelings of propriety. . . ." "I think . . . of our being like a cow or a dog at such moments, when our poor nature becomes so very animal & unecstatic . . ."), but she rejoiced in her nine children, playing blindman's buff with them and catching moths in the summer dusk with the Prince of Wales. Later, as they grew up, she addressed her prodigious energy to their marriages, attended whenever possible at the childbed of a daughter or daughter-in-law.

As a young queen, she was bored to excruciation by the peers and peeresses whose company she was obliged to keep evening after evening; she hated getting up in the morning and hated washing and brushing her teeth. But Lord Melbourne, the first of her prime ministers and the first of her many father figures, schooled her in queenliness. He humoured her and kept her rebelliousness in check until Albert, romantically adoring and protective, Teutonically efficient, took over. So wholly dependent was Victoria on Prince Albert that she could not so much as select a bonnet without consulting him, and she remained so girlishly and possessively in love that she was put out of sorts when they did not dine alone together. His shocking death, when she was forty-two, drove her into a prolonged and morbid seclusion from which her ministers vainly endeavoured to pry her; but when she did emerge at last, she did so as a dedicated sovereign standing on her own two feet and on them she remained for forty years more. Politics had bored and baffled her, but thanks to Albert's spoon-feeding she finally became the responsible head of her large family and the awesome ruler of her enormous empire. Gouty, rheumatic, lampooned, lonely, her life imperilled by lunatic assassins, she endured and was good.

The Countess of Longford has far outstripped her predecessors in vividly vesting Queen Victoria with life and in stripping off the winding-sheets from an appalling and fascinating epoch.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

MOVIES

By Joan Didion

Kiss Me, Stupid,

"minority report"

I have long thought that when Billy Wilder turned to "comedy" he seriously misapprehended his own special genius—a genius so unpleasant, proceeding as it does from a relentless eye for the sleazy, that it tends to go largely unappreciated. Wilder has only the most haphazard feeling for comedy; he is not a funny-man but a moralist, a recorder of human venality. While perhaps half a dozen other people in Hollywood might have made *Some Like It Hot,* only Wilder could have made *Sunset Boulevard* and *Double Indemnity* and *Ace In The Hole.* And only Wilder could have made *Kiss Me, Stupid,* on which I would like to file a minority report. Beyond its tiresome gags, its interminable delayed takes, beyond its skeleton of "comedy," *Kiss Me, Stupid* shows Wilder doing exactly what only he can do. It is a profoundly affecting picture, as witnessed by the number of people who walk out on it.

What makes the picture so affecting, what makes people walk out when they will sit through and even applaud the real tastelessness, the true venality of pictures like *The Pink Panther* or *Bedtime Story*? They walk out, I suspect, because they sense that Wilder means it, that he would simply not be interested in pretending, say, that Claudia Cardinale could be a princess. The Wilder world is one seen at dawn through a hangover, a world of cheap double entendre and stale smoke and drinks in which the ice has melted: the true country of despair. *Kiss Me, Stupid* is, in fact, suffused with the despair of an America many of us prefer not to know: the desolate glare of Las Vegas; the aridity of the desert, where the road signs direct one only to dream cities (Salt Lake, Reno, Los Angeles, mirages all); the ugliness of a town on that desert, a town where only century plants grow in front of the frame bungalows and where cocktail waitresses sleep in trailers surrounded by butane tanks. It is a place where time is told by television schedules, where no one is beautiful or gifted, a town where gasoline-station attendants dream of hitting the big time, the gold record, the jackpot they will never make on the slots; a place where the flesh is urgent because nothing else is. In its feeling for such a world, for such a condition of the heart, *Kiss Me, Stupid* is quite a compelling and moving picture, and I would very much like to have seen Wilder play it straight.

World Without Sun,

"hallucinatory beauty"

A less difficult movie to like is *World Without Sun,* the Jacques-Yves Cousteau documentary made beneath the surface of the Red Sea. It is, in the strictest sense, wonderful to look at, a picture of hallucinatory beauty: all watered blues and greens and yellows; the diving saucer like a giant snail, the bizarre and brilliant fish, the men in black and silver skins slipping through their underwater life so easily that they seem to have mutated into some more advanced form of life. They stroke the heads of the fish, fashion corrals of Lucite, lose the sense of time. The eye deceives: plants become animals, animals plants; unspeakable creatures wait in underwater forests. It is a world we seem to have seen before only in the nightmares of childhood.



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"We are so hard on stockings. For a long time I went through a pair of nylons every 48 hours. But hosiery made with Vectra* lasted more than a week and still made me feel more dressed up."

United Air Lines Stewardess Mary Jo Wheatley



Stewardess Mary Jo Wheatley reports on the Vectra 30-Day Hosiery Comparison Test.

RESULT: Hosiery made with new Vectra polypropylene olefin fiber wore longer, resisted snags, felt smoother and in Miss Wheatley's words made her "feel more feminine."

Few occupations put more demand on hosiery. A United Air Lines Stewardess must live up to high standards of appearance and dress. Yet, in a typical day she may be on her feet as much as 13 hours. Serve as many as 200 people. And through all this she is continually walking, bending, stooping and exposing her hosiery to dozens of treacherous snag traps.

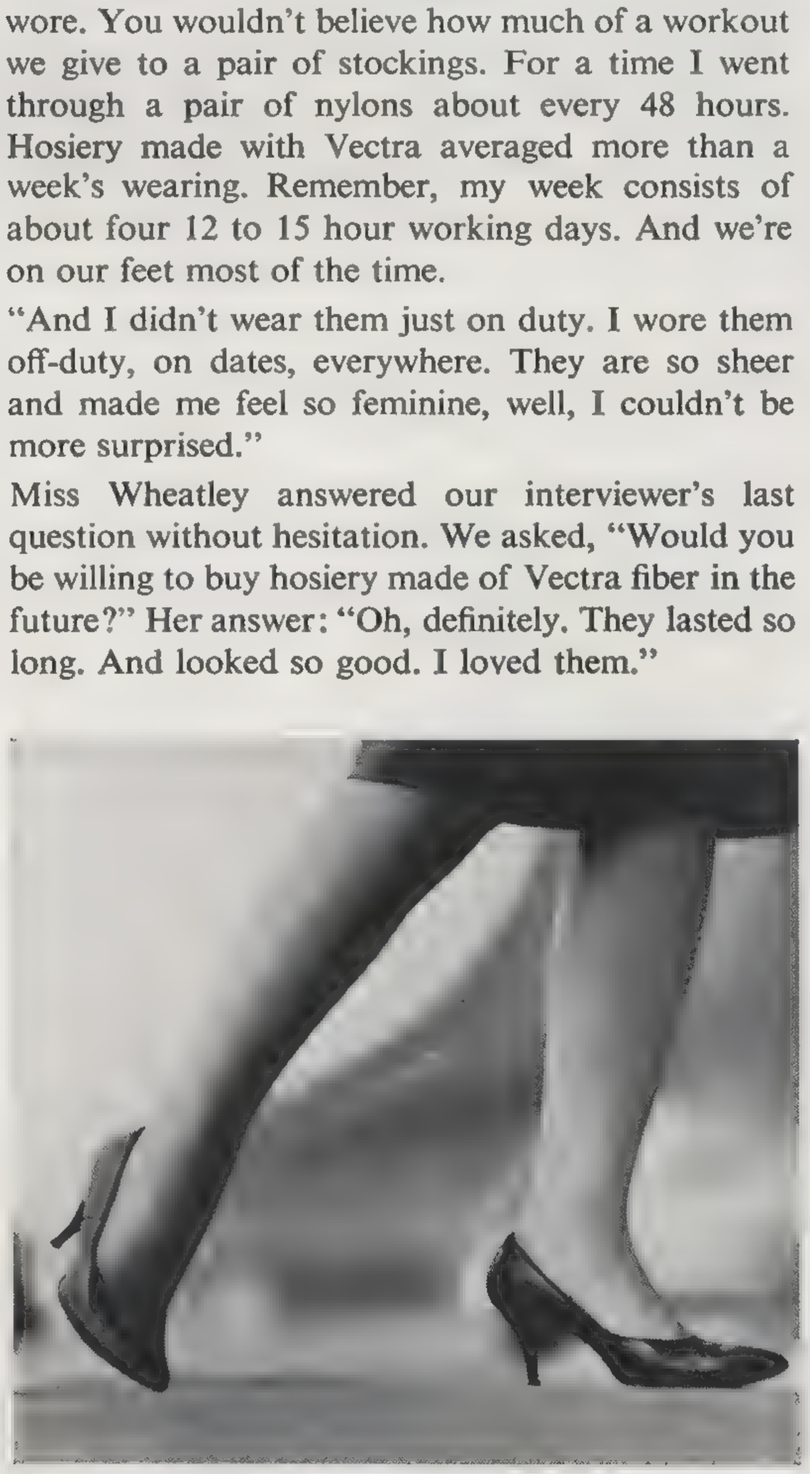
In the Vectra test Miss Wheatley was given three pairs of hosiery made with this remarkable new fiber. She did not know what product she was testing. After 30 days she was interviewed for the results. Here are her comments.

"I was quite surprised, really. They made me feel more dressed up than nylons. Yet, they lasted longer than any stockings I've ever worn. They were very sheer. And they felt so smooth on my leg. And oh yes, they kept their shape fine, too. After every wearing I'd wash them; and when I put them on again, they felt like a brand new pair.

"But, what was really amazing was how well they wore. You wouldn't believe how much of a workout we give to a pair of stockings. For a time I went through a pair of nylons about every 48 hours. Hosiery made with Vectra averaged more than a week's wearing. Remember, my week consists of about four 12 to 15 hour working days. And we're on our feet most of the time.

"And I didn't wear them just on duty. I wore them off-duty, on dates, everywhere. They are so sheer and made me feel so feminine, well, I couldn't be more surprised."

Miss Wheatley answered our interviewer's last question without hesitation. We asked, "Would you be willing to buy hosiery made of Vectra fiber in the future?" Her answer: "Oh, definitely. They lasted so long. And looked so good. I loved them."





Miss Wheatley was not alone in her opinion. Her reaction was typical of women across the nation who were given the same comparison test.



You see, Vectra is not just another name for nylon . . . it is an entirely new fiber in a class by itself. Laboratory tests proved Vectra is 3 to 4 times more snag resistant than nylon. And not since silk stockings has hosiery been so smooth . . . so soft . . . so feminine.

Make this test yourself. Ask for hosiery made with Vectra polypropylene olefin fiber . . . the first completely new hosiery fiber in 24 years.

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Germaine Monteil

MARCH 1, 1965
VOGUE'S
EYE VIEW



PARIS

. . . Great sensuality . . . softness. Everything flowing and blowing . . . on the head . . . over the body. The body sensed under clothes . . . seen in quick tantalizing glimpses—the length and strength of a throat...the roundness and brownness of a shoulder....A beautiful spring —this spring in Paris. Vogue's report on the next 16 pages.

Grès coif in a Moroccan vein: navy-and-white awning stripes of Staron surah. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

WILLIAM KLEIN

Molyneux: the
Guardsman's coat.
Shaped . . . double-
breasted . . . full-
skirted. Of tangerine
Nattier wool.
At Bonwit Teller;
I. Magnin.
Roger Faré gloves.
Alexandre coiffure.

PARIS is swinging this spring with oranges and tangerines and floating skirts and blowing chiffon ponchos....Action is at the hemline. *Volant*. All kick and bounce and flounce. Puffed dirndls of tweed, pleats, ruffle and ripple....Most prophetic thing in Paris: the outline of the body—held, and thrown over it, a bias of lace, organza, or chiffon, with the figure always clearly defined beneath it....

Bias: a bright yellow chiffon poncho to the ground, worn over white shantung pants....Tangerine wool: a Guardsman's coat, double-breasted, fitted at the top, full-skirted. Next winter's most important coat....Monkey-jacket suits with the prettiest, smallest sleeves and high, tight tight armholes. Perfectly fitted like little Persian coats...very snug, very flat across the shoulders....

All the colours of the sun: mimosa and lemon through tangerine to bright pumpkin and red orange ...clear Chinese colours, Chinese greens, japonica pink...perfect pale blue....For wools, café crème to cheese; camel tones paling to baby camel to white...pure pure white.

Textures for day: springy dry wools...matte matte matte....At night it's a floating world, the lightest airiest chiffons, lace, and organza, diaphanous and flou....

"Zamors": miniature, deftly wrapped turbans of Indian silks, striped silks, clear jade greens, japonicas, and cleanest white...which we called "Zamors" in honour of the tiny boy-Moor who carried the train of Madame du Barry....

A marvellous white crêpe dress—two-piece, bare, with a single diagonal strap, beautifully draped, cut on the bias; this covered with its own delicate white ermine topcoat, very slim, very white....

A new gypsy length for evening, just above the ankle....*Volants* at night: short dresses wrapped to the back with double puffed and rippling ruffles of lace and organza moving deliciously....For a spring wedding: a suit of thick rich Swiss embroidery on the finest muslin banded in snowy white mink....

Who are these rarefied exquisite floating creatures who project and animate the amazing and gay new shapes of Paris?...Every mannequin has the smallest calves, straightest legs, knees like little peaches, tiny narrow supple feet, rounded arms and beautiful wrists and throats....

With this spring's fashion we are entering a new world of dressmaking...great dressmaking that touches the senses...asymmetric sarongs and a great big muu-muu to the ground—Paisley organza with the figure showing through...a mystique that's all bias and movement breathing fashion...feminine and beautiful....



...tangerine...
a Guardsman's coat...

Two ravishing Grès
evenings—light, air,
bias movement.
Right: Harem dress
of pale-pink silk jersey...
taupe satin sash.
Jewellery by Jean Pierre.
Left: A rippling white
ruffle of biased linen...
strip of skin bared at the
back...widening skirt.
Both at I. Magnin.
Jewellery by Cis.
Guillemin fabrics.
Alexandre coiffures.



PARIS

...bias movement...

touching the eyes and senses...



WILLIAM KLEIN



The look of Courrèges, right: The Shuttered Belle—rounded head... round, slit, white tennis-ball sunglasses... white undershirt-shirt like a man's, with huge armholes...the little white kid hand. Far left: White skivvy-shirt...braces holding a trapeze skirt in bands of grey-and-white wool. Left: Low-slung pants... dipped over the heel in back. Grey-and-white wool checkerboard. With white shirt, gloves, slit-toe boots. Courrèges haircuts: Carita.



The perfection of Courrèges...the precision that dazzles...the young, fresh, exact proportions—wanted, worn, adored by the prettiest women in the world. The lively skirts. The matte dry twills in blossom colours—perfect blue, pink, yellow, green. The luxurious use of white—always the tight little white kidskin glove...the new slit-toe boot in kidskin, in lace...the boot-proportion for summer in embroidered white organdie socks with slit-toe Mary Janes....This look has been a long time on the way. Now—bang!—we're there ...all the sophistication of Paris, all the feeling of spring. Gay, adorable...full of pow.

PARIS

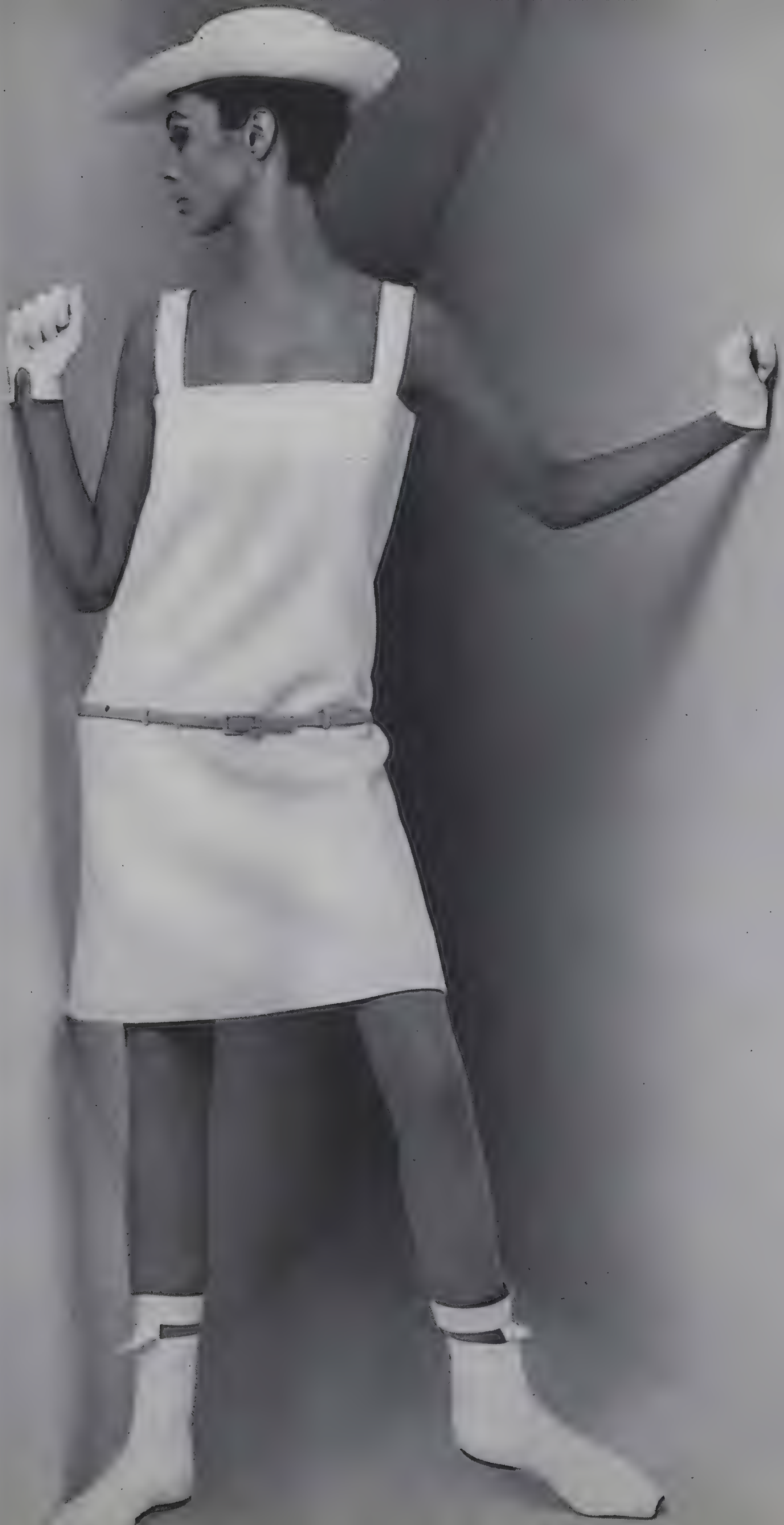
...tennis-ball glasses...undershirt-shirt... slit-toe boots...



Courrèges—the new suit-proportions. Far left: Short-sleeved jacket, double-breasted... double-breasted skirt in white wool. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Left: Tattersall zipped over white wool dress...low belt, low pockets. Five-gallon hats with both. Right: Best new dress—white wool... neck square, wide, low...waistline low on the hips, belted. Bonwit Teller; Frederick & Nelson. Courrèges white with everything—little kidskin gloves ...slit-toe boots. All hats at Bergdorf Goodman.

PARIS

...the gayest young suits... best little dresses...



WILLIAM KLEIN

The five great suits of Dior.
This page, belts, stripes,
pleats at the front.
Left: Navy-and-white
Lesur wool: pussycat
bow. Bonwit Teller;
I. Magnin.
Right: Navy on red
Garigue wool; navy
shantung blouse.
Lord & Taylor;
I. Magnin.
Opposite page, monkey-
jacket suits—smallest
sleeves, high tight
armholes.
Left: Monkey jacket
and dirndl in ruby-red
Bufano wool; matching
pongee blouse. I. Magnin.
Centre: Knitted jersey
scallops—red, white,
navy—swinging pleats.
Of Raimon wool.
Saks Fifth Avenue.
Right: Collarless jacket,
belted dirndl in chrome-
yellow Perceval wool;
yellow-and-white
striped surah blouse.
Hat and suit: Bergdorf
Goodman; I. Magnin.
Dior shoes and gloves.





PARIS

...pleats swing...dirndls
bounce...every skirt in action...



WILLIAM KLEIN



Ricci, left: Spring of godets—jacketed dress in double-face Gérondeau wool of grey and white. Roger Vivier shoes. Balmain, right: Checks, pleats, action in beige and brown; Paisley blouse. Wool by Guillemin. Shoes by Bally. All gloves: Kislav.

PARIS

...action at the hemline
...godets...pleats...





WILLIAM KLEIN



WILLIAM KLEIN

Dior—back-wrapped
dresses, moving
everywhere.
Left: Black Chantilly
lace, ruffles all around.
Dognin fabric.
Dress at I. Magnin.
Below: Double flounces
of navy-blue
organza, cowl top.
Veron silk. Dress:
Bonwit Teller;
I. Magnin. Dior shoes.
Alexandre coiffures.



PARIS

**...everything volant...ruffles
that ripple and flounce...**


WILLIAM KLEIN

Ricci's divine little
two-piece twist of
bias white crêpe, left:
asymmetric
strap across
one bare shoulder.
With its own snow-
fall of ermine,
deep collar...
narrow, supple,
buttoned in pearls.
Dress of Staron silk
crepe. Coiffures by
Alexandre.



PARIS

...ermine coat...its own little white dress...delicious for spring...



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SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE YOUNG, MOVED BY THE GREAT DRAMA OF THE FUNERAL. PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON



He was both a great man and a man of genius. These are by no means the same thing. Many men of genius have not achieved greatness; and there have been many great men who were without that magic touch, that gift of originality putting the stamp of their personality on everything, that intensity and energy of mind which are what we mean by genius.... Courage was the foundation of his whole character: a threefold courage, not only physical and moral courage—he clearly never knew what fear was—but that much rarer quality, courage of the imagination, which could envisage the depths of horror without flinching, undaunted.... No great man ever had a saner or sounder or more hopeful outlook for suffering humanity.... All his life he was... a dauntless believer that every man should be able to call his soul his own.

FROM A TRIBUTE BY A.L. ROWSE

"WILLIE IS SO SILLY"

BY FRANK O'CONNOR

In the weeks after W. B. Yeats's death I did something I had never done before and have never done since: I went into retreat and wrote down everything I could remember of him and his friend George Russell who wrote under the name of "A.E." I did so because I had a feeling that I should never again meet two people so remarkable.

I am glad I did so, because when a great man dies a legend springs up, and the legend sometimes impresses and deceives even those who have known him best. For instance, in Richard Ellmann's fine book on Yeats there are two stories told to illustrate Yeats's fancifulness.

"Clifford Bax recounts," writes Ellmann, "that on meeting the poet late in life, he was surprised to have Yeats remark, 'Oh, yes, I remember you; they brought you up to my rooms in a mattress like Cleopatra,' the only foundation for the story being that Bax had once visited Yeats with heavy gloves on." And again: "Talking to Edmund Gosse and Gilbert Murray, Yeats explained how he had lost faith in an acquaintance when he happened to observe that the man was followed, as he paced the room, by 'a small green elephant.' 'And then,' the poet added, 'I knew he was a very wickud man.' "

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?" Neither of these stories can possibly be true. It is quite clear from a suppressed passage in a letter to the Duchess of Wellington that Yeats believed, rightly or wrongly, that Bax had been brought to his rooms in a mattress. The other story I heard first from Sir Desmond MacCarthy, who had it from Gosse, and it had been vastly improved by the green elephant's appearing in Piccadilly, and given its final conversational polish by Gosse's alleged retort, "Oh, I wouldn't hold a little thing like that against a man, would you?" The only credible thing about it is the pronunciation. Yeats said "wickud" for "wicked," "weld" for "world," and "midder" for "murder." It went with his slightly episcopal air. He was the sort of man who always gave you the impression that he expected you to kiss his ring.

I do not mean, of course, that he could not be silly—that was Maud Gonne's complaint about him: "Willie is so silly!" —but Yeats's silliness came from an entirely different source from the mythmaking faculty to which Ellmann ascribes it. It came from his extraordinary shyness. Few people noticed it, and I should probably not have noticed it myself but that one night George Russell dragged me to a party at Oliver Gogarty's where I knew nobody and had to sit on a cushion on the floor. Mrs. Yeats came in and sat beside me. "How did you know how I felt?" I asked, and she chuckled and said, "Because you were doing what Willie does when he gets shy—running your hand (Continued on page 189)

Art Nouveau— flowering again in America

Long, curving lines, as sinuous as seaweed . . . flickering whorls of colour . . . restless, thrusting shapes of plants, flowers, and leaves . . . these are the symbols of Art Nouveau, the extraordinary design revolution that swept through Europe and America at the turn of the century. Now the Art Nouveau influence is having a spirited renaissance among contemporary designers of furniture, décor, fashion, here and abroad. Some of its most exciting results—shown on these pages—are the fabrics of Tzaims Luksus, a young painter-turned-designer. His Art Nouveau prints have flowing stripes, curving lines, bold colours, but only suggest—never show—the typical Art Nouveau flowers and leaves. "It's Art Nouveau in the feeling of the 1960's," said Luksus.

Facing page: two sinuously beautiful Art Nouveau dresses by Geoffrey Beene, 1964 Coty Award winner, in printed silk crêpes by the young artist-designer, Tzaims Luksus. Both are long undulations of stripes, interrupted at the knee; each is made of one continuous panel of silk, in which the design is never repeated. Printed shaft, *near right,* in dark-olive and white, strongly Japanese in feeling. Dalsheim earrings. Wavy stripes, *far right,* of pink, green, turquoise, white; lifted waistline. Both dresses at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.
Pages 124-125: Two more dresses in the Art Nouveau spirit by Geoffrey Beene, of printed silk crêpes by Tzaims Luksus. Empire-waisted dress, *left,* in orange and lavender stripes. Long-sleeved dress, *right,* in white, black, with a narrow boundary of lavender. Both dresses at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffures on all three pages by Kenneth.
Pages 126-127: Rainbow-printed dress, *left,* with a drift of stole, by Pauline Trigère, in silk organza by Tzaims Luksus. Bracelets and pin of coral and turquoise beads by Van S. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Rich's; Gidding-Jenny. White silk crêpe dress, *right,* with flowers, stripes, a saffron sash; dress and print by Burke-Amey. K.J.L. earrings. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. The dress, also at Neiman-Marcus. Both coiffures: Michael Patrick. *On all five pages,* the magnificent Tiffany glass screen of dogwood trees is from Lillian Nassau.





long, wavy art nouveau stripes, whorls, blobs of colour—printed silks by Tzaims Luksus; dres Geoffrey Beene. Details p.122



GORDON PARKS



The rainbow comes and goes—Trigère's misted dazzle of colours, left; printed organza by Luksus. Right, the clear brilliance of art nouveau flowers, stripes, on white silk crêpe, sashed in saffron. By Burke-Amey. Details on page 122

BURTON WRITES OF TAYLOR

The house in California—it was in the Bel Air district of Los Angeles, I think—looked as if it had been flung by a giant hand against the side of a hill and had stuck.

From the main living room, master bedroom, guest bedrooms, dining room, kitchen level, the house jutted and dropped one floor to a "playroom."

The "playroom" was not for children.

It was complete with bar and barman, hot-dog simmerer, king-sized double-doored two-toned refrigerator, drugstore hotplates, big-game trophies on the walls (the host was a big-game hunter who acted in his spare time), and huge, deep, low divans and easy chairs—villainously uncomfortable for men, but marvellously made for cute little women who could tuck their cute little legs away and blazingly efface their cute little pretty little pouting little personalities in niches of the vast furniture and make like cute little pussycats.

Below the "playroom" the house again jutted and dropped to the swimming pool, the showers, and the changing rooms.

It was my first time in California and my first visit to a swank house. There were quite a lot of people in and around the pool, all suntanned and all drinking the Sunday morning liveners—Bloody Marys, boilermakers, highballs, iced beer. I knew some of the people and was introduced to the others. Wet brown arms reached out of the pool and shook my hand. The people were all friendly, and they called me Dick immediately. I asked if they would please call me Richard—Dick, I said, made me feel like a symbol of some kind. They laughed, some of them. It was, of course, Sunday morning and I was nervous.

(Continued on page 131)

Richard Burton, who loves to write—and does it with vigour, excitement, and amazing descriptive powers—calls this article on Elizabeth Taylor, quite simply, "The Vogue Story," for he wrote it especially for Vogue. A careful man with an indiscreet typewriter, he dislikes any editing, can not bear to have his work touched. William Klein took the two colour photographs of Elizabeth Taylor on the sets in Paris of the newest Burton-Taylor movie, The Sandpiper. *After Burton finishes his present filming of* The Spy Who Came In From the Cold, *the extraordinary Burtons will fight together in the acid movie,* Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

WILLIAM KLEIN

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BURTON
WRITES
OF TAYLOR

"She was totally ignoring me."

I was enjoying this small social triumph, but then a girl sitting on the other side of the pool lowered her book, took off her sunglasses and looked at me. She was so extraordinarily beautiful that I nearly laughed out loud. I didn't, of course, which was just as well. The girl was not, and, quite clearly, was not going to be laughing back. I had an idea that, finding nothing of interest, she was looking right through me and was examining the texture of the wall behind. If there was a flaw in the sandstone, I knew she'd find it and probe it right to the pith. I fancied that if she chose so, the house would eventually collapse.

I smiled at her and, after a long moment, just as I felt my own smile turning into a cross-eyed grimace, she started slightly and smiled back. There was little friendliness in the smile. A new ice cube formed of its own accord in my Scotch-on-the-rocks.

She sipped some beer and went back to her book. I affected to become social with the others but out of the corner of my mind—while I played for the others the part of a poor miner's son who was puzzled, but delighted by the attention these lovely people paid to him—I had her under close observation. She was, I decided, the most astonishingly self-contained, pulchritudinous, remote, removed, inaccessible woman I had ever seen. She spoke to no one. She looked at no one. She steadily kept on reading her book. Was she merely sullen, I wondered? I thought not. There was no trace of sulkiness in the divine face. She was a Mona Lisa type, I thought. In my business everyone is a type. She is older than the deck chair on which she sits, I thought headily, and she is famine, fire, destruction, and plague, she is the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, the onlie true begetter. She is a secret wrapped in an enigma inside a mystery, I thought, with a mental man-to-man nod to Churchill. Her breasts were apocalyptic, they would topple empires down before they withered. Indeed, her body was a miracle of construction and the work of an engineer of genius. It needed nothing except itself. It was true art, I thought, executed in terms of itself. It was smitten by its own passion. I used to think things like that. I was not long down from Oxford and Walter Pater was still talked of and I read the art reviews in the quality weeklies without much caring about the art itself, and it was a Sunday morning in Bel Air, and I was nervous, and there was the Scotch-on-the-rocks.

Like Miniver Cheevy I kept on drinking and, in the heady flow of the attention I was getting, told story after story as the afternoon boozed slowly on. I went in swimming once or twice. So did she, but, lamentably, always after I'd come out. She swam easily and gracefully as an Englishwoman would and not with the masculine drive and kick of most American girls. She was unquestionably gorgeous. I can think of no other word to describe a combination of plenitude, frugality, abundance, tightness. She was lavish. She was a dark unyielding largesse. She was, in short, too bloody much, and not only that, she was totally ignoring me. I became frustrated almost to screaming when I had finished a well-received and humorous story about the death of my grandfather and found that she was turned away in deep conversation with another woman. I think I tried to eavesdrop but was stayed by words like—Tony and Janet and Marlon and Sammy. She was not, obviously, talking about me.

Eventually, with half-seized cunning and with all the nonchalance of a traffic jam, I worked my way to her side of the pool. She was describing—in words not normally written—what she thought of a producer at M.G.M. This was my first encounter with freedom of speech in the U.S.A., and it took my breath away. My brain throbbed; I almost sobered up. I was profoundly shocked. It was ripe stuff. I checked her again. There was no question about it. She was female. In America the women apparently had not only got the vote—they'd got the words to go with it.

I was also somewhat puzzled and disturbed by the half-look she gave me as she uttered the enormities. Was she deliberately trying to shock me? Those huge violet-blue eyes (the biggest I've ever seen, outside those who have glandular trouble—thyroid, et cetera) had an odd glint in them. You couldn't describe it as a twinkle. . . . Searchlights can not twinkle, they turn on and off and probe the heavens and so on.

Still I couldn't be left out. I had to join in and say something. I didn't reckon on the Scotch though. I didn't reckon that it had warped my judgment and my sense of timing, my choice of occasion. With all the studied frenzy of Dutch courage I waded into the depths of those perilous eyes.

(Continued on page 132)

WILLIAM KLEIN

BURTON
WRITES
OF TAYLOR

"You have a remarkable command

In my best chiffon-and-cut-glass Oxford accent I said:

"You have a remarkable command of Olde-Englishe."

There was a pause in which I realized with brilliant clarity the relativity of time. Aeons passed, civilizations came and went, brave men and cowards died in battles not yet fought, while those cosmic headlights examined my flawed personality. Every pockmark on my face became a crater of the moon. I reached up with a casual hand to cover up the right-cheeked evidence of my acne'd youth. Halfway up I realized my hand was just as ugly as my face and decided to leave the bloody thing and die instead. But while contemplating the various ways of suicide and having sensibly decided, since I had a good start, to drink myself to death, I was saved by her voice which said, "Don't you use words like that at the Old Vic?" "They do," I said, "but *I* don't. I come from a family and an attitude that believe such words are an indication of weakness in vocabulary and emptiness of mind. . . . Despite Jones's writing that in times of acute shared agony and fear, as in trench warfare, obscenities repeated in certain patterns can at times become almost liturgical, almost poetic. . . ." I ran out of gas.

There was another pause; more empires fell. Captains and kings and counsellors arrived and departed. She said three four-letter words. These were, I think, "Well! Well! Well!"

Somebody laughed uneasily. The girl had turned away. I had been dismissed. I felt as lonely as a muezzin, as a reluctant piano lesson on a Saturday afternoon, as the Last Post played on a cracked bugle.

I went home and somebody asked, when I told them where I'd been, what she was like. "Dark. Dark. Dark. Dark. She probably," I said, "shaves." To nobody in particular I observed that the human body is eighty percent water.

It wasn't until five years later that I saw her again, across a restaurant—I can't remember which restaurant or indeed which country or continent. I think she waved at me. I think I scowled back—particularly at her new husband. She had the impertinence to look happy, even radiant. I had liked him a great deal, but now he'd married this girl I write of, and he hadn't even had the grace to ask me to be in *Around the World in Eighty Days*. I was the only actor in the world who hadn't been asked—with a promise of a small Cézanne—to act in that film. I still liked him and though I bitterly resented her obvious happiness and though I muttered mysteriously to myself words like "bucolic" and "bovine content," I believe that I forced a smile at them through my clenched teeth as I left.

The years have gone by—seven or eight. It's Sunday in Paris in early winter. There is a persistent drizzle of cold grey rain. This pleases us. It means we can walk to Fouquet's and not ride in the car because the poor little notorious couple will not be bothered by paparazzi. Their cameras do not like rain. She is excited at the thought of this tiny expedition—Fouquet's is one block away from our hotel. She glows. I am excited too. I glow. "Is the dress all right?" she asks.

"Whenas in silks my Julia goes," I say, "Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows the liquefaction of her clothes!"

"Richard," she says, "I'll methink you right across the liquefaction of your face if you don't give me a straight answer. Is it all right?"

"Lovely," I say. "And don't shout and bawl at me like that," I say, "or you'll be a partner to the shortest marriage since my Great-Aunt Mary Jane Loughor dropped dead just as she was signing the marriage certificate in the chapel vestry."

We went down in the elevator. I tipped the concierge a wink—the only kind of tip I really enjoy giving. We walked along the Rue de Berri to the Champs Élysées. We turned right, towards the Arc de Triomphe—the cold rain had swept the great street empty of people. Almost. There was a man and a greyhound. A Fiat car squelched through the wet. We were alone in a street in a city where all but us and the man with the greyhound and the man in the Fiat had died in a vast silent painless war that had come in the night.

Alone, alone, all, all alone," I sang, "alone on a wide, wide sea! And never a saint. . . ." The Fiat screamed into a U-turn. The man parked it ahead of us. He leaped out of his car and started towards us. He was thirty-five years old; his hairline receded; he was wearing a short raincoat and pointed shoes and three cameras. And I had known him all, already known him all. I'd known him in

of Olde-Englishe"

Rome and London and Paris and Geneva. Had known him at airports and railway stations—I'd known him shout insults in Italian and French and English and German. I had not liked him. He was running towards us. He was unique because he was alone. I'd known him before only in numbers, running with the pack, elbowing, screaming, frantic. I'd known him, with old-fashioned gallantry, call my wife a whore and me a gigolo and my friends pimps. I had not liked him.

"When," I said, "when the world is over, when the oceans and the graves deliver up their dead and this planet has gone screaming back to seething gas and we stand alone in an endless multitude for the final severe searching before the Supreme Judge, the last thing we'll see," I said, warming to my speech, "is one of these blokes trying to take a photograph of it all and asking the Great Mathematician to cheat his look a little to the left."

"Now Richard, don't start that rubbish, don't say things like that," she said. "Don't get into one of your death moods, we'll have it for the rest of the day. Trouble with the Welsh is," she said, "that they think everybody's Welsh, even Death."

We had stopped.

"Why not? He's a local man," I said. "He's a very distinguished feller. We must be prepared for him and courteous when he comes."

"Don't," she said quickly. "Don't make fun. You can't talk your way out of the fear of death."

"You want a bet?"

"Don't, please don't talk about it."

"Good God. It's the most absorbing subject and has been since the first man died."

"And don't you die on me," she said. "I couldn't bear it again."

"Don't you die on me either." We stared at each other. Her brilliant eyes had dimmed. The violet in them had turned dark—almost to blackness. They looked like water over coal, like black macadam in the rain under street lamps at night.

An emotion compounded of—who knows what, of fear and love and pride and beauty and self-pity seized us both by the throat and shook us like a dog. The man crouched three feet away from us, backing as we walked, clicking and clicking. I feinted a kick at the photographer's left knee. As he dropped his camera I backhanded him across the face. He was off balance and fell quickly onto his back. Equally quickly he was up and clicking and clicking and cursing in a sweet courteous stream in three languages. I cursed back in four. The Welsh language is little known to paparazzi.

We entered Fouquet's. My wife was silent and bright with fury. I ordered a drink. "Why did you do that? Why do you have to spoil the day?"

"I had to do something," I said. "I was terrified that I was going to cry and I can't abide weeping in a man."

"Go back and apologize," she said.

I went downstairs.

I came back.

"Did you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"How did he take it?"

"Like a proper little gentleman," I said. "He belted me right across the chops."

She laughed.

I licked the tender, slightly shredded flesh beside my molars, and I cursed some more.

"Stop that!"

"What's the matter," I said, "didn't you use words like that in Culver City?"

Her lower jaw hideously receding, her upper front teeth vilely bucking, and in a very highfaluting, nauseous English accent, she said:

"Yes, of course, *they* did but *I* didn't—I come from a race and family that believe the use of such words to be an indication of weakness in vocabulary and intellectual emptiness. . . ."

She smiled at me and patted my hand. I made a plaintive woofing noise and she smiled again.

The ice cubes in my Scotch-on-the-rocks melted and sank without trace.

The flicker of green lace...a rush of vivid tangerine, of ethereal black chiffon...a greatcoat of volatile white ostrich...amusing little veils like eighteenth-century lace masks: this is the sort of fine romance to watch for now. The prettiest dresses and a nice touch of gaiety that's bent on being entrancing. Even madly entrancing. Here and on the following pages are sixteen night looks with just that in mind, all photographed during the recent New York exhibition of Louise Nevelson's extraordinary sculpture—monochrome box-like constructions pivoted on a principle somewhere between that of the shadow box and the reredos. To her characteristic use of "found objects" of wood—finials, spools, newel posts, whatever—she has added elements of glass and mirror, a technique she tried briefly some thirty years ago but has only begun to explore with concentration. The resulting play of light, of images suddenly caught, fragmented, and thrown back from within the sculpture she explains by saying, "I am an architect of light and shadow." And then, tapping a glass table-top, "You see these lights in here...these are the depths and shadows, the reflections I'm interested in.... What do they mean when they say clairvoyant? It's looking *through*. I want transparency."

THE SCULPTURE OF LOUISE NEVELSON—POTENT AND ARCANE—PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE PACE GALLERY WITH CLOTHES FOR

BRILLIANT EVENINGS

Lace cage of apple green
over a black silk shift—
all the emphasis on pretty
hands, terrific legs.
Photographed against an
intricate twenty-foot
curved sculpture
by Louise Nevelson.

Dress by Sarmi.
At Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's;
Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin.
Necklaces by Mimi di N.
Jack Gilbert bracelet.

GORDON PARKS

FOR BRILLIANT EVENINGS

To scintillate at home: harlequin cuffs—adorable on brilliant pink-and-orange printed silk pyjamas; straight pants, a loose overblouse, and a three-cornered scarf to wear in any one of a dozen pretty ways.
On the opposite page: A wrapped culotte-skirt of burnished lilac silk; turquoise pullover massed with beads.
Both seen here in the small mirrors that back "Silent Music I" reflecting sudden fragmentary images of the beholder.

GORDON PARKS

Both costumes by Jean Louis. Printed pyjamas and pin by Schreiner at Bonwit Teller. Pyjamas at Neiman-Marcus; Magnin. Culotte and pullover at Martha; Neiman-Marcus; Magnin; Mimi di N jewellery.



Dress by Cooper-Couture, about $235.
At Banwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Frost Bros.;
Frederick & Nelson. Julianelli slippers.
Hat by Halston, to order
at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.
Bracelets by K. J. L.
at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

GORDON PARKS



FOR BRILLIANT EVENINGS

Flowered green silk dress, left, that folds narrowly around a slender figure, ties under the bosom. Worn with coral serpents high on one arm; bright red globe earrings strung with glitter. Photographed against Louise Nevelson's extraordinary triangular reredos, "Silent Music I." In profile above: A black net snood drenched in ciré tassels. Worn with an armful of serpents. . . . The sculpture: Louise Nevelson's "Silent Music IV."



FOR BRILLIANT EVENINGS

Tangerine; *opposite:* a ripe brilliant throw of the hottest colour around—yards of it swung from an Empire bodice, coming full circle in one splendid panelled sweep. Photographed in front of a Nevelson sculpture now in the collection of the Jerusalem Museum. Dress by Dominic for Matty Talmack, in silk crêpe (Abraham fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny. Apex Art earrings. Pyjamas skirt about brilliantly, *right,* in a misted stir of white chiffon pleats, giving the new air to a dinner sacque of transparent white re-embroidered ribbon lace. Dinner costume by Salvador Morrel. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Mimi di N necklace. Taj of India shoes. Coiffures on both pages by Eric of Breck. Photographed with Louise Nevelson sculpture at the Pace Gallery.

GORDON PARKS

GORDON PARKS



EVENING BRILLIANTS

Banding a beautiful back, *opposite*, wide straps hold the zest of two spanking short pinafores—one boat-necked in black silk serge, one plunged in white silk satin. Both by Sarmi. At Bergdorf Goodman; Blum's, Chicago; Harzfeld's; J. Magnin. Marvella earrings at left; at right, Schiaparelli earrings. Lace veils by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures for Elizabeth Arden by Imo. Whir of white ostrich, *above*—a dinner coat and dress breezing with soft scintillation. Worn by Princess Hercolani; photographed at the Pace Gallery with Nevelson sculpture. Costume by Robert Strong. At Nan Duskin; Battelstein's.
K.J.L. jewellery. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Michael Patrick coiffure.



GORDON PARKS

BLACK-BRILLIANT EVENINGS

The classic beauty of a chiton, *opposite*, romanticized in black chiffon, fluting out at peplum and hem. By Sarmi. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Evins shoes. Coiffure: Eric of Breck. Photographed before Louise Nevelson's "Homage to Dame Edith" from the collection of Mrs. Arnold Maremont and "Silent Music I." Bias for brilliant dinners, *right*—black wool bloused obliquely and slashed straight above the knee. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, in Forstmann wool crêpe. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Judith McCann bracelets at Altman's. Evins shoes. Coiffure: Michel Kazan. Louise Nevelson's "Silent Music II" from the Maremont collection.

BRILLIANT ROMANTICS

Slender rustle of white silk organza, *above*, ribboned in Nattier-blue satin with a rush of white feathers at jacket and hem. By Tam.
At Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Schreiner bracelet.
Twilight-mauve satin dinner suit, *opposite*, with a surprise of black lace ruching, black satin bows. Jacket and short dress by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Hattie Carnegie earrings.
Both at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Dress: Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Gus Mayer.
Halston mask-veil of lace, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures: Eric of Breck.
Both pages photographed before Louise Nevelson's "Homage to Dame Edith" and "Silent Music I".


GORDON PARKS

HEAD-ON BRILLIANTS

Short bias stroke of black crêpe, *above*, flowing straight over the body, narrow and supple. Dress and stole by Trigère, of rayon crêpe. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's. Photographed before Louise Nevelson's "Silent Music I". Heady conceit, *opposite*: a cage headdress lacquered in black straw — its hold on beauty more captivating than captive. By Lilly Dache. Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. Both pages Apex Art necklace, at Bergdorf Goodman.

GORDON PARKS



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . A summit conference, rumoured for this spring. . . . The scope, the beauty, the harshness of the New York exhibition on the late Prime Minister Nehru, his life and his India, showing extraordinary photographs of Nehru as a child with his family, his actual wide-brimmed straw hat with its ribbon streamers stuck on a nail, plus great photographic blowups of his prison cell, a narrow, grey, stern blankness at Ahmadnagar Fort. . . . In London, the success of the Russian movie *Hamlet*, with the music of Pasternak's Russian words and a castle like a mediaeval hotel with lackeys, visitors, courtiers, politicians rushing around while Hamlet broods all over the place.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *To Catch A Spy*, seven stories of espionage, chosen by Eric Ambler who knows. . . . Philip McCracken, an American sculptor whose recent exhibition at the Willard Gallery showed his pure, free but exact birds, dogs, rocks, with a swimming, curved "Loon" of dark, polished cedar especially satisfying. . . . In Los Angeles, the concert by John Cage and David Tudor where they performed "Variations IV"; the program contained this advice: "Audience may feel free to move during performance to bar or outside and return."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT IN PARIS . . . The brilliant triumvirate of Maria Callas, Tito Gobbi, and Franco Zeffirelli, combining for *Tosca* at the Paris Opera. . . . Claude Lelouche a new young movie director whose *Une Fille et des Fusils* is a black, remarkable variation of violence in which four young workers and a deaf-mute girl, in love with gangster films, become gangsters only to end in stabbing disaster.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The young English actor Nicol Williamson, who has just finished in the London production of *Waiting for Godot* in which at times he flailed across the stage, his feet jaunty, then he imperceptibly and terribly changed to round-shouldered, muscleless despair. . . . Escuadron, the new Madrid club-restaurant which pulls in all the attractive Spaniards, probably because it is the collective, bright idea of fifteen young men who saw to it that the place is mainly black and white, narrow, crowded. . . . *The Ski Bum*, the careless new novel by Romain Gary in which he almost exhausts his plot in the title, only adding a little smuggling across the Swiss-French border for kicks.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Peter O'Toole in the new movie *Lord Jim*, a smasher. . . . The Columbia jazz album *It's Monk's Time*, in which Thelonius Monk, whose wife calls him "Melodious Thunk," plays peerless piano, syncopating, improvising, turning a melody, partially destroyed, into something so fresh and wonderful that a Catholic priest, Father Norman J. O'Connor, has written the sleeve notes on Thunk.

JOHN MILLS—LIKE HENRY THE EIGHTH IN MUFTI

Gusty, voracious, given to expansive gestures, enormous John Mills of London has taken over El Morocco, New York's peculiarly durable nightclub where the major entertainment lies in seeing who sits where. An ex-Commando, ex-Polish, Mills has a talent for nightplaces, owns in London Les Ambassadeurs, called Les A by the people who call Morocco Elmo's and go to both. He likes the rich life, has made Dom Perignon champagne his mark, a blue Rolls-Royce one of his pleasures. In one big party week he settled into El Morocco, carrying on the subtle mockery of snobbery that started the upward rise of the club's founder, the late John Perona whose eyes were like brown pebbles in his lean early hardness. Perona came to New York during the speakeasy times—when gangsters usually owned the clubs and Johnny Irish complained to his headwaiter that in damp weather his bullet holes hurt—with his companion, the big fat-handed fighter named Firpo, and became eventually the impresario of El Morocco. It rose through his judicious use of the Social Register—a path now stamped down by John Mills. (Perona had always been too busy to hear the complaints of the stuck—their bleat annoyed him.) Like Perona, Mills loves two in the morning when the place is a dream of a nightclub, smoky, stifling, with an electricity of gaiety starting from no known socket. He wanders around, noticing the tables artfully arranged into a lovely cross section of nightclub international aristocracy. Champagne glass in hand, talking in fashionable clichés, his charming Polish accent layered over with a British one, this good-tempered playboy, who does not conceal his acute business sense, wears for these séances a red carnation in the buttonhole of his dark-blue dinner jacket, a wide-mouthed silk shirt, and gold Roman-coin cuff links. Elmo and Mills are a vision.





CATHERINE DENEUVE AND JACQUES DÉMY

Two young French charmers, the star and the author-director of the disarming movie, *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg*, which almost everyone adores. Catherine Deneuve is a tiny blonde with dark-hazel eyes, a skin like rose-petals and fresh Normandy cream. With child-like relish, she describes her next movie: "I kill one man with a candlestick, another with a razor blade. I am inhibited, *folle!*" Jacques Démy—at thirty-two, probably the hottest director in Europe—has thick black curls, enormous charm. He dreams of casting Brigitte Bardot and Audrey Hepburn as sisters in his next movie: "One body, one spirit.... *c'est passionant.*" **The coin-dots of evening,** worn here by Miss Deneuve. Black taffeta dress with woven white coin-dots, a halter top with a pussy-cat bow; over that, a quick little shrug of white bolero. By Mademoiselle Ricci, of Couleur silk taffeta; about $235. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; L. S. Ayres; Famous-Barr. Coiffure: Sebou of House of Revlon.

FASHION WHERE THE FUN IS

Cutting up, cutting loose—American fashion is having a fine time for itself this spring. Clothes flow along the body, blow around the knees—one way or another, they're fast on their feet and fun to wear. (Most fun as on these twelve pages—with a really amusing man in the picture.)

Douglas Auchincloss (below), a tall dashing man with hair like good silver fox and a wit to match, is every woman's dream dinner partner—funny, bright, fascinated. He is Modern Living editor of *Time* magazine, a job to which he brings all the above-named valuables—and this snappy red Yamaha bike.... **Stripes riding high:** a biased silk jungle of black, grey, taupe, and white racing a two-piece dress with a cowled blouson, wide sleeves blowing in the wind. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch; about $160. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Godchaux's. Enamel stripes on the wrist: Bracelets by Castlecliff. Kenneth coiffure.

DOUGLAS AUCHINCLOSS



BERT STERN



FASHION WHERE THE FUN IS...SAMMY DAVIS

Sammy Davis, *Golden Boy,* is the entertainers' entertainer: actor, impersonator, stand-up comic, singer, dancer. (Once, for the benefit of a wowed interviewer, he explained his versatility in perfect deadpan: "Well, as you know, we're all born with this fantastic sense of rhythm...")....Shimmering at his side, a two-piece dress in **willowy white crêpe with a fringe of crystal beads** shedding light on hips and ankles. By Harvey Berin, of Celanese acetate and rayon (Chardon-Marché fabric). Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Gidding-Jenny; Wm. H. Block. Robert Originals ring: Lord & Taylor. Coiffure: Ara Gallant, Garrison-Ramon.

BERT STERN

David Bailey is the busman-on-hol, below—a small, dark, scowlingly handsome man with a nice Cockney wit and a penchant for dressing in odd bits and pieces, he is England's bright young fashion photographer — the one every model longs to pose for. Possibly because, through the eye of his camera, all women turn out to be prettier than even their mothers had dreamed.... Through the eye of all cameras, here, a pretty girl growing prettier by the second in a **river of white crêpe, high-waisted and slim** with a swish of pleats spreading out in back like a peacock's tail. By Estévez, of Bianchini silk; about $160. Jack Gilbert jewellery. Both at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress also at Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Kenneth coiffure.

DAVID BAILEY

FASHION WHERE THE FUN IS...
ROBERT MORSE

Robert Morse—mugging, clowning, eye-rolling his way across these two pages—has dimples, Skeezix hair, and as many ways of conveying comic boyishness as a diamond has facets. He has been bumpkin boyish, boyish arrogance, boyish innocence, boy on the make. In *The Loved One*—the new M.G.M. movie which Terry Southern and Christopher Isherwood have brewed from Evelyn Waugh's bright-black humour about death in movie-land — Morse is Dennis Barlow, boy undertaker.... **The quick beige suit,** *left,* pale as bone; its good long line of jacket held, here, by a leather tape. By George Carmel, of petit-point wool (Fabrics by the Rings); about $190. Seducta shoes. All: Lord & Taylor. Suit, also at Bramson. Castlecliff bracelets. Berkshire stockings: Altman's. Adolfo hat. **Yoked in back,** *right,* a dress for all seasons in navy-blue wool crêpe, with a little swell of fullness just to the hip; narrow and biased everywhere else. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan; about $225. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Lilly Daché hat. **The slack jacket:** freshest claim a suit can make to fashion now. Made, *far right,* in tart-yellow wool (we've added taupe-and-white dots at the throat, a taupe string belt under the pocket flaps). By Ben Reig. Ben-King belt. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Suit: I. Magnin. Berkshire stockings. Capezio shoes, of Shrut & Asch kidskin. Miss Alice hat.

BERT STERN





FASHION WHERE THE FUN IS...
ELI WALLACH, ALAN BATES

Eli Wallach (left) will be everywhere you look this season. On screen in Columbia's *Lord Jim* and *Ghengis Khan*. On stage, as one of the extravagantly self-pitying types in Murray Schisgal's satire on garden-variety *angst*, he is a lure of *Luv*—"Do you know I'm more in love today than on the day I married?" he reveals, with a catch in his voice, "But my wife won't give me a divorce."...He larks it up here for a girl in **a luv of a suit: navy and stitched-white plaid with a straight-falling cloche skirt** shirred on a yoke; white piqué overblouse. By Christian Dior-New York; of wool plaid. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. Bracelets by Castlecliff. Palizzio shoes. White leather hat: Lilly Daché.

BERT STERN

Alan Bates (left) is *Poor Richard,* a British poet with Problems: he is full of guilt feelings, he drinks, he has writers' block—a combination that is, of course, catnip to the heroine; almost more compelling than the cute way his eyes crinkle up when he smiles or the offhand charm with which he delivers some of Jean Kerr's most amusing dialogue ("I just read writers that make me laugh—Benchley, Thurber, Faulkner.") ...His captivated audience wears one of the prettiest little dinner dresses to waft into fashion this spring: **film of gauzy black silk floated from a high yoke,** covered with a small ruffled stole. By Mollie Parnis, of William Rose silk; about $185. Earrings by Schreiner. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Montaldo's; Sakowitz. Ferragamo shoes. Coiffure: Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon.

fASHION WHERE THE FUN IS.... ALAN ARKIN, PETER SHAFFER

Alan Arkin (below) one of the stars of *Luv,* is an off-beat, down-beat, loose-jointed, sad-sack funny man who makes his point with or without words: when his first-act suicide leap lands him on the safe side of the bridge-rail, he simply stands there—a chronicle of frustrations rolled into one: the born loser, crying on the inside, crying on the outside. And hilarious....Gaiety in motion: **black crêpe pleats swinging away from the waist, away from the knees**—a delicious young dance of a dress in one piece cut to look like two. By Young America Oleg Cassini, of Celanese acetate and rayon (Chardon-Marché fabric). About $110. Apex Art necklaces. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Berkshire stockings. Evins shoes. Kenneth coiffure.



BERT STERN

Peter Shaffer (right) is a cosy, crew-cut, koala-bear of a man who writes plays that have a way of getting around and staying around: his two recent one-act comedies, *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye,* had juicy runs in London and New York. Next year, with Julie Andrews as star and Mike Nichols directing, The Eye will go Hollywood. And then: Mr. Shaffer's current London hit, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun,* should be just about ready for New York....Freshness ready right now: **a wide white smile of organdie cowled on narrow navy-blue wool** with a lift at the waist, a bow at the back of the cowl. By Sarmi. Mimi di N bracelets. Both: Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Shoes by Pappagallo. Hat by Mr. John.

FASHION WHERE THE FUN IS...ART CARNEY, WALTER MATTHAU, MIKE NICHOLS



BERT STERN

Carried away by the fun, left, a model of composure in **oyster-beige Fibranne with dirndl touches rippling the skirt**—one of the uncrushable linen-weave spirits adding fashion-enjoyment to spring. By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman; $70. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Horne; Woolf Brothers. Schreiner earrings: Bergdorf Goodman.

Art Carney (far left) and Walter Matthau (centre) are *The Odd Couple* who share rent, megrims, and laugh lines in Neil Simon's new comedy about divorce American-style. The director (left and below, with Carney) is the man with "The Nichols Touch," a comic phenomenon that's been the fizz of three funny plays so far; will, after this month's opening, be turned loose in movies. Among them, "*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* which Mike Nichols will direct "as though it were a comedy."...The girl with men at her feet wears a dress that compliments come to naturally—**a bias of pale-blue wool jersey, as light on the body as charm.** By Pattullo-Jo Copeland; about $200. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Himelhoch's; Neusteters. Castlecliff bangles: Henri Bendel. Kenneth coiffure.

U.S. LINE ON TWEEDS—



The way plaid is played here—
softly, in a suit of caramel
and white wool tweed, left,
with an open toss of jacket,
a skirt with rippling fullness
and pockets, a dressmaker's
blouse of apricot silk
with Pierrot-size buttons.
Suit by Pattullo-Jo Copeland;
at Bonwit Teller;
Julius Garfinckel; Livingston's;
Frost Bros. Cadoro ring
at Lord & Taylor.
Right, plaid in the shadow of
ropy speckled tweed, a
suit of various blues and
black with a soft shape,
rolled revers of blue silk
shantung outlined in
black braid. The long
overblouse: same blue silk
shantung. By David Kidd for
Jablow, of cotton and jute
tweed; about $160. Colony belt,
shown as a necklace. Both
at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Suit: Gidding-Jenny;
Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus.
Coiffures, both pages:
Richard of Julius Caruso.

THE PLAID PLAY





U.S. LINE ON CHECKS–

BERT STERN

THE TATTERSALLS



Checks with a little English on them here, playing for wonderfully easy young looks. Right, the blazer idea in a wool suit of green-and-yellow Tattersall checks lined up on a background of white. The jacket, vented at the back; the overblouse, of gold-yellow acetate. Suit by Davidow; about $160; blouse, about $23. Calderon chain belt, worn as a necklace. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All, at Lord & Taylor. Suit: Montaldo's; Harold's; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat. Left, a coat with dauntless good looks for rain or non-rain, of black-and-beige Tattersall checks. High buttons and lapels, a tied leather tape-belt. By Cuddlecoat, of Fortrel and Avril; in junior sizes. About $30. Echo scarf. Colony belt. All: Altman's. Coat, also at L. L. Berger; Neusteters; Joseph Magnin. Adolfo hat.



BEAUTY BULLETIN

The great makeup switch . . . detective work on a beauty hoax played by two famously attractive twins

We know a pair of twins. You may know them too. Absolutely identical, and —as happens only infrequently in the not exactly frequent production of twins—both are established dazzlers.

One is married to a handsome Frenchman whom she adores. The other, to a San Francisco lawyer with whom all is bliss. Close in feeling as ever, though they live some 6,000 miles apart, the sisters and their husbands meet whenever possible; converge for holidays at least once a year.

Most recent meeting took place in New York in the glitter of what turned out to be a particularly glittering November. The holiday before that was in Jamaica. And if we remember correctly, for the one before that, they convened in Amsterdam, chartered a fishing boat for a delicious August lazé that took them drifting amiably through canals, eventually into the Seine.

Now, should you wonder why the twins have been elected to an office they never sought—namely, co-heroines of this Beauty Bulletin—it's for this reason. Three Augusts ago, the twins were as twinny as ever. The next year, they were the Gemini of Jamaica. But in this past year, for the first time in their thirty-odd years of life, the sisters have begun to look not at all like look-alikes. There's a certain resemblance, but more the stamp of cousins, not of twins. For the first time, no acquaintance leaves a chance encounter with either sister haunted by the possibility of having mistaken this one for that.

Fascinated by the new phase, and studying it with all but a jeweller's loupe, we have at last satisfied ourselves about where it is the difference lies. It is not in substance, not in spirit; nor is it in figure (pound for pound, inch for inch, the sisters are still perfect stand-ins for one another at dress fittings). Neither is it in a suddenly different rate of maturation that might somehow have changed the intensity of one twin's natural colouring and altered subtly the architecture of her face.

No. The difference is *entirely* in makeup. In the "shaping," spacing, and colouring of features which, stripped this very minute of their makeup, would almost surely prove to be as identical as ever. As *indistinguishably* identical. . . .

Wearing makeup, however, one sister—the now-European—has a dramatic dark gypsy look. She astonishes. Her face seems linear, its features electric, almost traffic-stopping in their power. She wears emphatically outswept eyeliner, strong undereye makeup, and a mouche that's up to something new every time you see her. She is, in the vernacular of fashion and beauty, a consciously creative work. And her skin, generally a heavenly pale-bronze-apricot shade, is baked in sun much (Continued on next page)

ONE NEW MAKEUP IN TWO DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

Pinked face, peach mouth. . . . Peached face, pink mouth. . . . Playing twins, here, one mannequin wearing two new makeups by Germaine Monteil, whose name for the nearly twin idea is Gentle Contrasts. . . . And this is the overall point: isn't it time for a little more colour in makeup? For lipsticks with a little more message, for complexions with more life? Wearing a citrus-yellow scarfed hat, a face with Pink Image fluid makeup, Orange Flutter lipstick, and an eye makeup that mingles blue with mauve. . . . Wearing blue by way of hat, a face with Honey Peach fluid makeup, Pink Flutter lipstick, and a luminous pastel-green eye shadow. All, as indicated, by Germaine Monteil. The scarfed hats, both in Onondaga silk, made to order by Halston at Bergdorf Goodman.

BERT STERN

BEAUTY BULLETIN

(Continued from preceding page) of the year, then abruptly reversed to moonlit pallor from time to time, courtesy of a spa where the bleaching waters are a specialty. Wearing at least three hairpieces, four guiches (one going forward, the other going back, at either side of each ear), and a necklace of diamonds the size of popped popcorn, all in all she was, when most recently observed in Monte Carlo, pretty unforgettable—even in a resort where beauty is, for the most part, in a remarkable state of preservation, and diamonds the saltwater taffy of the locale.

The other sister, the American, has a whole other aura. Asked what one thing in all of nature she most resembles, anyone queried would be bound to answer: a rose. Dewy, pinky, rather gentle, her face and its features are round and neat and open. She glows with light that projects around corners. She appeals. A personal rendition of the theory about how health can be made to underscore beauty, she gets her colouring in active exercise at her gym classes which meet three times a week; goes to the fanciest skin-specialist in the business for circulation-stimulating treatments twice a year; has facial treatments at least every fortnight at a beauty salon. Although she appears to wear only the lightest skim of makeup, it does include all the standard items: eyeliner, two eye shadows, mascara, base, blusher, et al—but all seem to be used delicately. Her most dashing single bit of makeup drama is her lipstick—a vibrant, becoming coral-pink. Given to wearing clothes of extreme simplicity ("My two-cent dresses" she calls her simplest knits), she actually owns far more clothes than one might think. Either because she especially likes a dress and her husband has praised it, or because it works well under the coats for which she has a special penchant, she may order as many as six duplicates of a dress—all identical in shape and colour. Her most useful coat of the past winter, by the way, was a skimp coat of black-dyed mink—a coat made to look small in the shoulders, close in the waist, barely knee-length in length. Although not much for the wearing of jewellery, now, whenever she wears a navy-blue skimmy knit dress, she does haul out her superb sapphire rings, we notice.

Where one sister electrifies (the European), the other shimmers (the American); and both devote about the same amount of time to their beauty. One spends hours on her eyes. The other, any amount of time and money on her skin. Curiously equal is the actual quota of makeup each twin uses—the intensity of makeup tone and the physical details of the makeup's distribution make the striking difference.

Which twin is the more beautiful? There's no contest. They simply represent the height of two different kinds of current attractiveness, one European (essentially an evolution of the makeup findings of the Italian film studios of a decade ago); the other, the new American-English makeup (soft, illuminated transparency; its nerve centre, luminous white highlights).

The point, of course, is: each twin's makeup is her own—influenced by, and suited to, the locale in which she lives, and the life she lives there. Either twin, in temporary need of a "rescue" makeup—a makeup to cover fatigue or an interruption of her normally good looks—would use her usual makeup, but more *of* it than usual. (And under these circumstances, both would use fake eyelashes to give the face a lift.) Either sister interested in trying out one of the new ornamental makeups (the strictly-for-one-evening embellishments made to make the face extraordinaire) might wear jewelled eyelids or sprigs of flowers on her eyebrows.

Obviously completely aware of their new non-twinness, the sisters appear to be amused by the switch they've pulled. In the long catalogue of classic hoaxes played by identical twins, theirs—the use of maquillage to invent two totally different faces—*could* be the ultimate spoof. In any case, it proves that makeups—like heroines of Beauty Bulletins—can be as real or fictitious as you wish them to be.

ONE NEW MAKEUP, LOTS OF DELICIOUS TRIMMINGS

Violet eyes? Violet eyes. . . . Silver-tipped eyelashes? That's right. . . . This is the stirring new way Frances Denney makes makeup suddenly new and fresh; makes it quietly wearable, but at the same time, interestingly ornamental. A palest violet liquid is used to do two things: outline the eyes and put down a thin reflection of violet as far up toward the eyebrows as you might like. A cake of silver mascara does the tipping. . . . The face that makes the ideal setting for invented violet eyes is glossed with Golden Glow Foundation. And the rosy pink lipstick is Breath-Taking Pink. All, Frances Denney. The dress by Burke-Amey at Henri Bendel. Schiaparelli earrings dangling light.

BERT STERN









FOR BARON AND BARONNE PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD, THEIR UNIQUE "MUSÉE DU VIN DANS L'ART" IS A PLUNGE OF JOY AND ERUDITION

MUSEUM OF WINE IN ART

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Late after midnight, there are soft footsteps on the gravel. From a corner of the shadowy courtyard comes a mild complaint and the sound of ruffled feathers, as pigeons are disturbed in their sleep by a key turning in a lock close to their dovecote. A light, suddenly switched on in the darkness, reveals the blue-green of overhanging fir branches and the black-green of ivy on a wall. Another key; another light. Two figures—a woman with long hair falling below her shoulders and a man in a velvet coat—pause against a balustrade, before disappearing into a treasure-house of gold and silver, tapestry and painting, porcelain, crystal, and precious stone. . . .

The whole incident is phantasmagoric. But the fact is simply that Baron and Baronne Philippe de Rothschild, having dined and wined their houseguests and dispatched them at last to their rooms, are once again free to spend a couple of hours uninterruptedly at work in their museum.

Hidden away half underground in the vineyard-encircled buildings of the Château de Mou- (Continued on page 182)

THE OWNERS, THEIR TREASURES IN THE WINE MUSUEM *Opposite:* Baronne de Rothschild with, behind her, one of five bold fifteenth-century tapestries of vineyard scenes. In one hand she holds a blaze of vermeil: a spectacular sixteenth-century German cup. In her other hand, a basket she uses on errands about the museum. Her coffee-black knickers, made for her by Yves St. Laurent, and an outsize sweater, given to her by the choreographer John Butler, are her work clothes. To show her guests through the museum after dinner, the Baronne often wears the splendid fantasies, some designed especially for the museum, in which she was photographed on the following pages. *Above left:* a view of the museum from the entrance, and, *right,* Baron de Rothschild with some of his favourite treasures, including the Augsburg vermeil Wittelsbach Cup, a jade pot which belonged to Moghul princes, and a fifteenth-century Flemish ewer.

HORST



Treasures of the wine museum, *opposite*, heaped in a basket echoing a treasure basket in a glowing seventeenth-century Beauvais tapestry. *Above:* Baronne de Rothschild standing in front of this tapestry showing an Oriental banquet—an imaginative scene which inspired Yves St. Laurent to design for her this gleaming satin *Turqueric*.

TAPESTRY IN THE WINE MUSEUM

HORST





VERMEIL IN THE WINE MUSEUM

Left: A cluster of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century vermeil cups: the bowl of one, center, made from a nautilus shell carved with the elusive shimmer of damask. Baroness de Rothschild, above, holding a pear-shaped vermeil cup copied from a detail in a Dürer engraving. On the table, a German beaker of horn. The Baroness's satin dress and coat with ermine-lined sleeves were designed for her by Yves St. Laurent after he saw the [illegible] gallery.



FRUIT AND WINE WORTHY OF A MUSEUM

The new and the old treasure of the celebrated vineyards of Mouton. *Above:* In the château cellar, bottles of Mouton Rothschild—part of an immense library of wines, swaddled in the cobwebs of time, representing every vintage for over one hundred years. *Left:* Grapes on the vine at Mouton, photographed the day before the start of the harvest of 1964, a brilliantly promising one in France's oenological history


HORST

Baronne de Rothschild, *left,* among the rare porcelains of Mouton: at her feet, a vermeil-mounted Niderviller jug; behind her head, a polychrome bust of Dionysus by Giovanni della Robbia. *Above:* Sixteenth- and seventeenth-century glass, with, on its side, the pretty joke of a Dutch glass of trompe l'oeil wine. The Baronne's extravagantly beautiful diamanté tunic and parrot-green pants were made for her by Balenciaga.

TREASURES IN THE WINE MUSEUM

MUSEUM OF WINE IN ART

(Continued from page 173) ton—home of Château-Mouton Rothschild, one of the greatest red wines of the Bordeaux region—the Rothschilds' Musée du Vin dans l'Art, by day as by night, is all the more dazzling by contrast with its setting. Yet every work of art in this astonishing collection is as truly at home and in place as the rakes and spades, casks and vats, that surround it. For there is no single object here that does not bear an authentic relationship to the production or the enjoyment of wine.

Assembled in scarcely ten years by its owners and installed and lit by them, with the help of a local architect and the builders and carpenters of their estate, Mouton's Museum of Wine in Art is a creation of such originality, luxury, and magic that its reputation already bids fair to achieve the impossible and rival the century-old fame of Château-Mouton Rothschild itself. Essentially a private collection and still, in its owners' opinion, far from complete, it has already—like one of those rare characters that spring once in a generation from the mind of a novelist or a playwright—assumed the independent existence of a phenomenon destined to become the common property of the world. In the latest edition of the Michelin guide, Mouton for the first time is accorded the distinction of two stars. And France's famous Minister of State for Cultural Affairs, André Malraux, has declared that of all the museums recently opened or reorganized, only the museum in the Château de Saint-Germain-en-Laye and Venice's new Museo Correr can compare with Mouton's museum for beauty of presentation.

For the visitor, it is like a volume ideally prefaced or a picture perfectly framed. Coming straight from a road through the vines, one is first admitted into the *Salle des Négociants,* a room originally used for receiving wine merchants on business visits, on the opposite side of the courtyard to the museum itself. Among heavily comfortable sofas and armchairs upholstered in wine-red silk, one signs one's name in a red morocco-bound book, under a copy of Ingres's portrait of Baronne James de Rothschild, daughter-in-law of the first Rothschild owner of the vineyard, and grandmother of Baron Philippe.

In the next room, the *Salle des Banquets,* the walls are hung with the shields of the principal wine-exporting houses of Bordeaux, centring around the Rothschild coat of arms.

Then without warning the visitor is plunged into an immense, dimly lit chamber, chill and cavernous as a cathedral, but strikingly low in proportion to its length and breadth—a cathedral all crypt. Here, in the *chais à vin nouveau,* one thousand casks containing Mouton's latest vintage—like royal personages awaiting the Resurrection—lie row upon row for a year, to be followed by two more years recumbent in the cellars beneath, before the wine is bottled. Here, too, the curious aroma of which one has been vaguely aware since entering the *Salles des Banquets* has grown perceptibly stronger. In the *chais* the air is impregnated with the sweet though sharp, faint yet insistent odour of casks and wine that for ever afterwards will be a part of one's memories of Mouton; even in recollection inspiring expectancy and awe—like the smell of well-groomed, well-fed horses that hangs about great stables or the perfume of furniture polish and summer flowers in castles and country houses long lived in and proudly kept.

The door into the museum is low, white, almost nondescript, set back a little from the *cuvier* where, during the wine harvest, the grapes are pressed before their juice is poured into the vats below. Immediately beyond the door is a double ramp, down which the barrels were formerly rolled by hand into the *chais de vieillissement*—and down which one walks into what is now the main gallery of the museum.

The ceiling is supported by the original beams. The vitrines are of differing sizes, and irregularly placed. Some stand on simple, four-legged, wooden tables—no four legs of a table exactly in line with those of any other. Some are inset in the walls and lined with silk in soft shades of pale beige or pale green that recall the colours of the eggs of wild birds—partridge, duck, heron.

Tapestries alternate with vitrines along the walls of the main gallery: notably a set of five exceptionally rare vineyard scenes woven in fifteenth-century Alsace—and a Beauvais masterpiece from the time of Louis XIV entitled "La Collation," one of a series known as "La Tenture Chinoise," depicting an indescribably noble picnic in the then fashionable Oriental taste.

On the landing above the ramps are some of the most ancient objects in the collection: the oldest treasure of all, a Sumerian wine cup dating from the fourth millennium B.C., and an array of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Hellenistic works of art.

But the arrangement of the collection is essentially aesthetic rather than chronological. The objects are presented as individuals, each with a story and beauty of its own. Each object is not only adequately but imaginatively documented: such facts as may be known about its purpose and origin being supplemented with texts—often of great literary charm—relating to the wine cult or wine customs of its period. For the rest, the arrangement is broadly generic.

The main gallery contains, in (Continued on page 187)

A RARE BEAST IN THE WINE MUSEUM

Opposite: Between elaborate vermeil ewers stands an Augsburg vermeil flask shaped like a wild-eyed ram: one of the many witty images of creatures—owl-faced cups, jug handles shaped like a lioness or a snake—that recur in the Rothschilds' museum.

HORST





ROBERT
INDIANA
ANDY
WARHOL
A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD
BY NINETTE LYON

they were sitting in front of a bowl of fruit, these two Pop artists, Robert Indiana and Andy Warhol, in a weird-looking warehouse, downtown, past Wall Street, by the Hudson River, near the docks. It had taken me an hour, the help of two taxi drivers, and a telephone call to find them.

And even then—panic—no doorbell, no answer to my knock, but a long, loud whistle from a vagrant brought the beaming face of Robert Indiana to the window.

The house has three floors, one big room to each floor, one big cat to each room. From the top floor studio we could hear all kinds of unexpected sounds: boat whistles blasting up, seemingly, from the street; the buzz of helicopters on top of our heads. The walls are of white tin, like the tin that tin cans are made of, but then, is this not the world of tins?

"Do you just open a tin can to eat?" I asked.

"No, I for one do not! I cook uncanned food, things like *fondue Bourguignonne,*" said Robert Indiana, a good-looking man of thirty-six, who thinks calmly and speaks slowly.

Andy Warhol, hiding his eyes behind dark glasses, hiding his mouth with his fingers, hiding his age, watching, said: "Food does not exist for me. I like candies. I could eat candies for breakfast, candies for lunch, candies for dinner . . . because they are so good. I also like blood."

"Why is the word 'EAT' repeated so often in your paintings?" I asked Robert Indiana, looking at some of his work.

"It is more than a word. It is a sign you see on every road as you leave the big towns, and signs are important to me," he said. "In the eyes of a child, a lighted sign can reflect all the wonders of the world. Besides, the word 'eat' is reassuring, it means not only food, but life. When a mother feeds her children, the process makes her indulgent, a giver of life, of love, of kindness.

"But 'eat' can also mean death; it was my mother's last word. While I was a soldier stationed in Alaska, I was called home to her bedside. By sheer willpower, she had survived until I got back to Indiana where we lived. As I went into the room she said, 'Boy, have you had anything to eat?' and she died."

"I was given the same food for twenty years," Andy Warhol said. "Soup and sandwiches, and I can tell you, my favourite is Campbell's Tomato Soup. But food takes too much time from my work. . . .

"I find it amazing to think you can pay one hundred dollars at a restaurant and have the same feeling for fifty cents. The same feeling, being full. Recently I entertained six friends for $2.49 at the White Castle. You must go there, it is an American institution. They have the greatest orange juice. I love orange juice. I was so unhappy in Europe because everywhere I was given whole oranges that I had to peel myself."

"Why don't we go over to your studio?" Robert Indiana said.

"Yes, I'll show you a film I made of Indiana," Andy Warhol said. "It is exactly what you're looking for."

The elevator up to Andy Warhol's place seemed to consist only of a bare floor rising shakily between four walls. In the studio, very large, with walls flawed by pipes, everything had been carefully wrapped in aluminum foil. Torn swags of it hung at windows like glittering, tinkling curtains. Ranged around the room were Warhol's Pop works: likenesses, repeated and repeated, of Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, and Elvis Presley; meticulous reproductions of packing cases for foods, not of cardboard, but wood; odd shapes, on turning tables, that appeared to dance slowly. "This Pop Art is not so popular, really," Andy Warhol said. "I wonder if Picasso has ever heard of us?"

On a small screen we watched Indiana. The film took forty-five minutes, and for forty-five minutes, Indiana ate . . . one mushroom.

"It's amazing how many strange sensations one can have while eating one mushroom," said Indi- (Continued on next page)

the first fame of Robert Indiana and of Andy Warhol is painting—painting that is Pop Art. In almost no time at all they both rocketed to the top of the new field, have had a fantastic amount of publicity and many buyers. Indiana's stencilled lettering, his impact of careful primary colours, phase in immediately. Warhol's Campbell's Soup cans, his stacked Brillo boxes, his silk-screen stencils of heads of Marilyn Monroe, phase in immediately. Whatever these two young Americans have, they first had shock and size and the confidence of collectors. Just since 1960, Indiana counts two one-man shows, two museum shows, twenty-three group shows, and his work has been bought by nine first-rate American museums; Warhol counts eight one-man shows, twenty-five group shows, and his work has been bought by four first-rate American museums. Here they are shown in the silvery studio of silver-haired Warhol, near left, *where he made his underground movies—long silent studies of nothingness—*13 Most Beautiful Girls, Sleep, Empire, *and* Eat. "*I* am Eat," *said Indiana. Warhol said: "Now I'm trying to do one movie a week, here at the factory . . . in sound . . . some are eight hours long but they're not supposed to be sat through . . . in a few minutes you've seen it all."*

BRUCE DAVIDSON

ana. "We had decided I would have an enormous meal, so we bought sixteen dollars worth of wonderful food. I had worked up a Tom Jones appetite, then just as we were about to shoot, Andy said, 'No . . . this mushroom, that's all, but make it last.' "

And there is Indiana and his mushroom. He looks at it carefully, hesitates, blinks his eyes, takes a tiny bite . . . chews, tastes, thinks, chews again.

"Isn't it exactly what you want?" asked Andy Warhol. "The movie is called *Eat.*"

All I wanted after this film was to eat, so did Robert Indiana, who suggested we go to one of his preferred restaurants, Keneret, on Bleecker Street, where the food is Middle Eastern. Andy Warhol wanted to go to the Paradox, in the New Village, a place for Zen people, where they serve macrobiotic food: rice, roots, fish. "Everything is grown organically. You take no sugar, no liquids. It makes you very wise," said Andy Warhol. As we decided against this path of wisdom, Warhol decided to stay in his studio and work.

While driving towards Greenwich Village, Robert Indiana talked about Pop painting and, suddenly, things took on a different shape. The distant Brooklyn Bridge, for instance, seemed just one of the many versions of that bridge as painted by Indiana. From the terrace of the restaurant, we looked not at signs, lighting and dying in the night sky, but at a succession of Pop canvases.

Here, three of Robert Indiana's favourite recipes: two Mid-eastern, given us that night by Mr. Victor (Huato) Sham'am who owns Keneret; one, Swiss.

La Fondue Bourguignonne for Four People

2 pounds filet of beef, raw and cubed
1 pint good cooking oil
Salt and pepper
6 bowls of varied sauces:
Gribiche, Béarnaise, *diable, Périgueux,* horseradish, mayonnaise.

In the middle of the dinner table, place the *cocquelin* (a special casserole on its burner), or an enamel-lined casserole over an alcohol flame. Fill a quarter full with oil and heat to 395°. Care must be taken with the temperature as insufficient heat will not sear the meat; overheated oil may burn and become acrid. Fresh oil may be added as hot oil diminishes.

In front of each person, place two forks, one long-handled for spearing the beef, one short-handled for eating. Each guest plunges a cube of beef at a time into the pot, cooking it to taste, then changes forks to dip it into the range of sauces spooned into individual bowls.
Note: The beef may be replaced with cubed lobster, breast of chicken, filets of fish, mussels, or scallops, and served with such sauces as *Nuoc Mam,* soya, *aïoli,* curry, and green sauce. Bouillon may be used instead of cooking oil.

Chommos for Six People

2 cups chick-peas, dried or canned
½ cup Tahina (sesame purée)
3 cloves garlic, crushed
½ cup olive oil
3 tablespoons parsley, chopped
⅓ cup lemon juice, or to taste
1 small hot red pepper, or cayenne
Water

Mash or purée the cooked chick-peas, garlic, and hot red pepper. Slowly add the Tahina, stirring in with a wooden spoon. Pour in lemon juice, adding water if needed, to make a smooth, easily scooped dip. Sprinkle with parsley, cool in the refrigerator. To serve, garnish with a few reserved chick-peas, olives, and radishes. Scoopers: romaine leaves, sesame crackers, flat Syrian bread (called *pitha*), and *nan,* crisp lentil or corn bread from India.
Note: Middle-Eastern ingredients and breads may be ordered from Trinacria Importing Co., 415 Third Ave., New York, N. Y.

Mahshi (Stuffed Zucchini) for Four People

4 thick medium-sized zucchini
1 small yellow onion, grated
1 tomato, skinned, seeded, and diced
½ cup ground beef, cooked
½ cup ground lamb, cooked
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
2 teaspoons fresh mint leaves, chopped
1 cup tomato juice
A few pistachio nuts, chopped
Salt and pepper
Cinnamon
Water

Scrape, wash, and dry the zucchini but do not peel them. Cut off one end and scoop out with grapefruit knife, taking care to leave the other end unpunctured and closed. Chop the removed pulp and mix with onion, meats, parsley, mint leaves, tomato, and nuts. Season with salt, pepper, and cinnamon. Fill the zucchini with this stuffing, and place in a baking dish. Pour over the tomato juice and enough water to reach halfway, but not to cover zucchini. Cover and bake in a medium oven until tender, about ½ hour. Serve as a first course.
Note: Zucchini may be stuffed with curried rice, or potatoes and diced green peppers.

Museum of Wine in Art

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addition to the tapestries, almost the totality of one of Mouton's outstanding glories: its amazing assembly of fifteenth-, sixteenth-, and seventeenth-century vermeil. A room nearby contains Chinese, Persian, and Turkish porcelain flagons, cups, and drinking bowls, and an exquisite variety of seventeenth-century Venetian, Dutch, German, and Flemish wineglasses. Another room holds still greater marvels: even rarer glass—some of it Parthian, some Roman—and ancient Iranian objects of ceramic, silver, and solid gold. Perhaps most remarkable of all is a silver gilt Sassanian drinking bowl of the fifth century A.D., with a design representing King Bahram mounted on a camel, hunting gazelle with bow and arrow, egged on by a concubine seated behind his saddle.

As a stark contrast, at the foot of a flight of stairs leading into the cellars, past Richard Lippold's sculpture "The Spirit Vine," there is a passage lined with earthenware models of animals, birds, human bodies, and truncated limbs, that once held the wine that it was the pre-Columbian Central American Indians' custom to bury with their dead.

Paintings, drawings, and engravings are housed in one of two small rooms at the far end of the main gallery. They range from a famous Dürer engraving —a detail from which was the model for the seventeenth-century vermeil cup in the form of a pear, which is one of the beauties of the vermeil collection—to Rouault's gouache, "The Drunkard," and a drawing by Juan Gris in pencil and chalk of the young Picasso—with pale-blue hair and a flowing tie—sitting with some women at a café table.

In the other small room at the same end of the gallery—hung in black, lit only by the lighting of the vitrines, as mysterious as a miniature princely *Schatzkammer*—are displayed the works in *pierres dures*, or gems, that are among the most magical of all the objects in the Rothschilds' collection. Here are cups, minutely worked, in lapis lazuli, crystal and enamel, agate and amber, onyx and sardonyx; and a pair of cups in the form of owls, of boxwood and vermeil, made in sixteenth-century Switzerland and once part of the Imperial Russian collection in the Hermitage. . . .

If one asks Baronne de Rothschild how she and her husband ever came upon the idea of starting the museum, she is liable merely to reply, "One day, Philippe said, 'Why not a museum? *Autrement, quoi?* What otherwise?' " And as usual with Pauline de Rothschild, the deceptively lighthearted remark—as when, for example, she describes her American homeland as "a small country with enormous distances"—goes with an almost perverse sense of direction to the root of the matter.

Given the eminence of Mouton as a vineyard, the Rothschild family's genius for collecting, and the uninhibited love of beauty that characterizes both of Mouton's present owners, such a museum does indeed seem—like a work of art itself—less of a painstaking achievement than the culmination of a process as natural and inevitable as the ripening of grapes in the sun or the maturing of wine in a cellar.

Philippe de Rothschild is useful, none the less, in amplifying his wife's brief explanation. A poet with an ear for the inner rhymes in life as well as in verse, he gives considerably more credit to chance than to design. Sitting up in white pyjamas in his tall four-poster bed in the bedroom where it is his habit to write all morning, among seventeenth-century Delft vases and tortoiseshell cabinets, he visibly enjoys enumerating the series of coincidences that was required to bring the museum to pass.

"Mouton has been in my family's possession for more than a hundred and eleven years. But none of my ancestors lived here. My grandmother, Baronne James, never touched red wine. My father visited Mouton only twice in his lifetime. But unlike my family—unlike most French-

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Museum of Wine

(Continued from page 187)

men—I happen to love living in the country. I happen, too, to live in a period when communications have become so easy that I can reach Mouton from Paris in two hours. My ownership of Mouton coincides, too, with a period when construction has become so much easier all over France.

"While still a young man, I was able to have the *chais* completely rebuilt, as a result of which the whole wine harvest could be bottled at the château—a fact that has had a decisive influence on Mouton's importance. It has been my good fortune to own Mouton at a time when it has finally ceased to be a burden and a loss, and when the improvement in world markets makes it financially interesting. Now, in addition to serving it to the best of my ability, I am able to embellish it and, if possible, make it an example to others.

"From a purely practical point of view, the creation of the museum might be classed as a folly. With the money spent on the museum I could have bought several more vineyards. But I don't happen to have been made that way. I would rather make one place perfect than spread myself over a larger territory.

"It happens"—the phrase rings like a bell—"that I had inherited a number of works of art capable of forming the nucleus of a collection. The earlier Rothschilds made loans to many German princes who, when they couldn't repay their debts with money, repaid them with precious family possessions instead, notably with the beautiful objects in vermeil for which the courts of Germany were renowned. My family's taste has been for such things ever since.

"But, for me, they have always looked lost, meaningless, and haphazard, in the kind of interior that one associates with *le style Rothschild*. It is only now, as it seems to me, in the setting that we have been able to give them at Mouton, that they have reacquired their true personalities and feel themselves at home.

"Finally and above all, it happened"—once again—"that I met my future wife at precisely the right moment in our lives, and in the life of Mouton. She was urban by origin, fond of luxury and ease and life in society, and at an earlier time might well not have shared my devotion to this place. Twenty-five years before, it would not even have been fit to receive, let alone fascinate, such a woman.

"There was always, too, another side to Pauline's character, which the years had been progressively developing. She loved reading, she had great potentialities for scholarship, and an immense potentiality for taste. Since she began to work as a designer for Hattie Carnegie in New York, she had exercised her taste productively. By the time she came to live in Paris, after the War, her interest in things of beauty and things of the mind more than matched my own. As a widower and alone, I might conceivably have started a collection. But with her to help me, the search for new treasures has been infinitely more stimulating and rewarding. Choices, decisions are so much easier to make when one works in harmony with a kindred spirit. Pleasures shared are much more than doubled pleasures. Now, whenever we travel we are both constantly looking for things for Mouton." . . . And Philippe de Rothschild ends with a string of those airy yet substantial, thought-provoking aphorisms which spring more readily to a French than to an Anglo-Saxon mind: "A museum is a biography. Mouton is a ship, to be laden with cargo. A museum is a voyage."

Baronne de Rothschild's rôle has been ideally complementary to her husband's. Not only has she travelled with him, far and wide, and worked with him on the arrangement of their collection; but she has undertaken the exacting task of writing the museum's catalogue.

With an innate sense of the quality of visible things and an even rarer feeling for the invisible—for an artist's handling of his ideas as well as of his materials, for the working of minds separated by centuries, even by millennia, from her own—she combines a scholar's singlemindedness.

In her own words: "Since beginning to work on the collection we have discovered that people have been drinking wine since the beginning of recorded time. No important talk with the gods, no victory, no treaty, no civilized business luncheon has ever been complete without a libation. We have been struck by the recurrence of the phrase: 'They drank together.' And we want to discover what they drank, as well as what they drank out of."

She has gone deeply into the history of wine's rôle in religion and reads widely in the hope of finding stray indications of the way wine was prepared at different times and by different races. She has studied the historic changes and changes in fashion that have led men to drink progressively out of stone, metal, porcelain, and glass. It is a delight to her to know—and an irresistible temptation to her to include in the notes to her catalogue—that the Greeks drank their wine with three parts of water, mixing the two liquids in just such a krater as Mouton possesses; that Nero paid the equivalent of seventy million modern French francs for a wine cup in murrhine, a substance now unknown, and piously kept the remains of his broken cups in a special urn; that after the fall of Constantinople the glassworkers of Byzantium moved to Venice, and that later the Venetian glassworkers moved on and inspired the glassworkers of Liège.

Horace is her authority for stating that the local Sabine wine in his time was thought to taste better if it had been placed in a Greek amphora—such as Mouton's. One of the main reasons for a recent journey she and her husband made to Iran was to solve a question of ancient Iranian hunting practice, in connection with the notes she was writing on Mouton's Sassanian drinking bowl.

Her own especial present to the museum—the pair of owls from the Hermitage—was chosen by her at least in part because the two owls once belonged to Catherine the Great, to whom

her lover, Orlov, gracefully bequeathed them. She appreciates the great Beauvais tapestry, "La Collation," all the more because its central figure is dressed almost exactly as was Monsieur, brother of Louis XIV, according to a letter written by his wife, at a ball he gave at Versailles, known as "La Collation Chinoise"—not to mention the fact that among the objects used at the picnic is a blue and white K'ang-hsi porcelain flagon, closely resembling a flagon of the same period in the museum.

One only wishes that, as she deserves, she might discover a Homeric table setting, in some text utterly unknown; or wander one day into an antique shop and identify the famous wine cup so beloved by a Roman of consular times that he bit pieces out of its rim, thereby only increasing its value in his contemporaries' eyes.

In her enthusiasm for her subject, she may sometimes go rather far, by purist or professional standards. Museologists whom she has consulted occasionally hint that this or that one of her favourite snippets of information is irrelevant.

One expert censured her for describing the ornamentation on her Greek wine cooler as "geometric," when she should have called it "vegetative." Another, à propos of her difficulties in producing Mouton's first catalogue, advised her not to worry too much. "It is not the first or the second, but the third or fourth edition of your catalogue that is the important one," he said. "By that time you may have eliminated most of the mistakes."

But Pauline de Rothschild is the last person to be discouraged. She has an inborn capacity for skirting abysses and scaling heights. Like a true artist, too, she brings everything available to her—every grain of knowledge, every weakness, every whim—to bear on the act of creation; and approaches truth doubly surely because she is not afraid to do so through fantasy as well as fact.

At first sight, her way of dressing for work in the museum might seem exclusively, almost arbitrarily, fantastic. The knee breeches and stockings which she wears in the daytime, combined with her long hair—hanging loose, except for a single braid, as in the early seventeenth-century portraits of King Christian IV of Denmark—give her a look of Hamlet blended with Alice in Wonderland. The evening dresses which she wears while working in the museum after a dinner party are, if anything, even more extraordinary.

Yet, in essence, Pauline de Rothschild's choice of clothes is far less a matter of idiosyncrasy or self-indulgence than a sign of her deep feeling for the potentialities of life at Mouton—where she has always paradoxically felt impelled to wear more elaborate clothes than in Paris—and a token of her respect for the museum's rare objects, some of which have, in fact, provided the inspiration for her dresses.

In daily life, her sense of humour is boundless; and she is never afraid to apply it to herself. But her sensitivity knows no limits either. For her, the museum is a mysterious, newly invented court, with a ritual to be learned and followed. For her, as for her husband, its contents are sacrosanct.

The Rothschilds' respect for their museum is shared by the workers on the estate. Since Philippe de Rothschild has made a habit of encouraging his employees to think of Mouton's fame and prosperity as their joint interest rather than his alone, they have for years been proud of the place. Now, when they bring their families on Sunday visits to the museum and see other visitors arriving from all corners of France, they are prouder than ever.

Even those with no remote connection with the wine industry are liable to find themselves coming away from a visit to the Musée du Vin dans l'Art with an enduring interest—almost a personal involvement—in the cult of the vine. For Mouton, although only metaphorically an island in a sea of vineyards, has an island's way of enlisting sympathies, inspiring local patriotism, making visitors loath to leave, and calling them back when they have gone.

During a wine harvest, the last moments of a visit are more than usually a time for gathering and storing impressions. The joy of harvesting is in the air. In the vineyard, groups of workers chatter and whistle as they gather the grapes. Into the courtyard of the château, trucks bring load after load to be hauled up to the presses. Even the ivy around the windows offers its own miniature version of a harvest scene, as bees buzz from blossom to blossom.

At such a time Mouton's museum is revealed as another harvest: the harvest of two exceptionally privileged, exceptionally perceptive, and productive lives.



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"Willie is so silly"

(Continued from page 122)

through your hair."

You can see the shyness at work in that conversation recorded by Bax. Yeats tried to acquire royalty's trick of remembering everybody and remembering them in particular circumstances, so that a visitor would realize that he had made an impression. Obviously, Yeats felt that Bax would be very flattered by his reminiscence, and it was only when he realized that Bax was, in fact, puzzled and offended, that he gave in and muttered some nonsense about heavy gloves. It is the second part of the story that rings true, for again and again I saw Yeats prepare one of his little dramatic effects to put a stranger at his ease, and when it failed he folded up and died, as a child does when its great "surprise" for Daddy does not produce the appropriate astonishment.

It took a long time to appreciate that shyness in him because it tended to make him portentous and overwhelming in society and even in the home.

It was part of his shyness that

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SHANNON RODGERS FOR JERRY SILVERMAN

Limited Editions: New Thunderbirds, new dresses to drive in on page 32, 33

Left, the Paisley way to go—short-sleeved overblousing and an easy skirt of Fibranne. Predominantly gold or turquoise. Sizes 6-16. About $70.

Center, the overblouse cleverly seamed and bowed, with a skirt that moves beautifully. In silk-and-cotton tweed, beige or pink. Sizes 6-14. About $65.

At the wheel, grosgrain trims the two-part shift for fascinating side-interest. Of silk-and-cotton tweed, in blue or avocado. Sizes 6-16. About $70.

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Providence, R. I.....Martin Barnes
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Ridgewood, N. J.....Jenny Banta
Rochester, N. Y...Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Rockford, Ill.....Ursula Stuart
San Francisco, Calif.....Joseph Magnin
Santa Ana, Calif.....Patricia's
St. Louis, Mo.....Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Petersburg, Fla..Maas Bros. of Florida
Seattle, Wash.....Best's Apparel
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Stamford, Conn.....Ethel Allan
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Tulsa, Okla.....Sadye's
Washington, D. C..Woodward & Lothrop
Wellesley, Mass.....Chas. Sumner
Whitefish Bay, Wis.....Peg Bradley
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....Lane's
Williamsport, Pa.....Lynn Hayes
Wilmington, Del.....The Purple Door
Winston-Salem, N. C.....Montaldo's
York, Pa.....Jack's
Youngstown, Ohio.....Betty Goodman

"Willie is so silly"

(Continued from page 189)

though his sight was very bad, he would not say so, though if he heard a familiar voice he might press the owner's hand and whisper, "Who have I?" There was one occasion when his daughter got on a Rathfarnham bus at O'Connell Bridge in Dublin and saw him in the middle of the bus, muttering verse to himself and apparently lost in composition, so she sat in the back. When the bus reached Rathfarnham she stood up, obediently waited for him to get out, and followed him to the gate. But if she thought her father was all that unobservant she was wrong. He had noticed her getting on the bus and following him off it, and when she got to the gate he was on the point of shutting it in her face. "Madam," he asked firmly, "what is it you require?"

Naturally, a number of decent people in Dublin hated him because they were convinced he had called them by the wrong name merely to insult them. The contrary was the truth. He felt that courtesy required him to recognize them, whether he did or not. You could make things a little easier for him by introducing yourself, and better still by refraining from any sort of deference beyond the normal courtesies. Compliments made him shy and exaggerated his mannerisms. He did not like being addressed as "Mr. Yeats" and got really perturbed when someone called him "Sir"; he felt that he was one of the boys, and when we were not quarreling seriously about something—which didn't happen often—I sometimes staged little rows just to make him relaxed and talkative.

Sometimes these didn't work at all, and sometimes they worked too well. One night when a friend, his wife, and myself were at Yeats's house, I asked him to read us what he was writing, and he read us "Meru on the Trinity." When he finished, he asked politely, "Did you understand it?" and my friend, who was very well brought up, replied, "Oh, yes," but I just said, "I didn't understand a word of it," which, of course, gave him the opportunity of explaining.

We left, the poet F. R. Higgins arrived immediately afterwards and told me next day how Yeats had met him at the door chuckling. "So and So and O'Connor were here, and I read them the Meru poem, and So and So said he understood it, and he didn't, and O'Connor said he didn't understand a word of it, and he understood it perfectly." Nothing would ever persuade Yeats but that I was cleverer than I was. It is probably only a coincidence that the next poem in the series begins, "Although you said you understood no word."

For me there were always two Yeatses—the poet and public man who talked in an ecclesiastical voice on large public issues and who attached exaggerated importance to his friends and their work, and the plain girl at the party who observes everybody and everything while spilling her drink over somebody's frock.

At the last moment he refused to speak over George Russell's grave. "If I spoke I should have to tell the whole truth," is what Higgins told me he said, though I prefer to keep all statements of Higgins's strictly within quotation marks. I had to speak in his place, though I had never before spoken in public. When I finished, there was a heavy silence, and Yeats, who always knew what a young man was feeling, stepped forward and took my hand. "Very fine! Very noble!" he said in a voice that could be heard all over the cemetery, and then, in a sly whisper, "Have you copies for the press?" I hadn't, of course, but I loved him very much that day. Probably you have to be very young and ignorant and inclined to tears to realize what a handshake and a guileful whisper can really be worth.

When I knew him first, he had what I can only call a "crush" on Lennox Robinson, the dramatist, whom he insisted on calling "Lennix." "Within five years Lennix will be a European figure," he assured me with a wave of the hand, and when

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some play of Robinson's was savaged in London, he insisted on reviving it in Dublin with a program note by himself, trouncing the English critics. When we met for the last time, Yeats asked me to propose a resolution expelling Robinson from the Abbey Theatre Board, and it was quite obvious that that shy, pompous, unworldly man had observed every mean device of Robinson's even as it was being practised on him.

But, much more revealing of Yeats's real nature—the nature that tended to get lost to sight between the public man and the plain girl at the party—were his last words. After he had told me everything he had against Robinson, he raised his finger and said sternly, "But remember, O'Connor, that was Lennix Robinson, the drunken intriguer, not Lennix Robinson who was your friend and mine." Even today I can hear Yeats's voice as he uttered that magnificent line, without even bothering about how magnificent it was, and remember that though I never thought him worth a damn as a love poet, as a poet of friendship I felt he had no equal. How else could he have written:

"For friendship never ends
Though it seem changed
with the mind;
When thoughts rise up
unbid
On generous things that he
did,
And I grow half-contented
to be blind"?

I am praising too much and criticizing too little. He had another characteristic of the shy man, which was his extraordinary deviousness. He never did anything in a simple way that could be done in a tricky one. He thought me too simple-minded, and I thought him too shifty, and we were probably both right. One night he gave me some advice which I badly needed about not trusting my fellow directors on the Abbey Theatre Board—it was only after his death that I realized what he meant.

That night I was captious, because like most young men I felt I knew everything, and anyhow Yeats himself had appointed the Board and should have known it was not reliable. "I can not treat my fellow directors as a gang of masked conspirators," I said with youthful arrogance, and Yeats drew himself up like an old clock preparing to strike. Being a shy man, he never hit you straightforwardly. He always began with, "As my father used to say," or "I had an old aunt who used to say," or "As my crazy brother once said to me. . . ." That night, too, he had his authority. "No," he said thoughtfully, "you remind me of a character in a Victorian novel I once read who believed that the great majority of people did not intend much harm to the others, for the greater part of the time."

That description of my own character delighted me so much that I didn't even notice the criticism till I got home.

Sometimes, his deviousness paid off. Once, he and I had a furious row at a meeting of the Council of the Irish Academy of Letters which he had founded. George Russell was secretary, and for some reason that I could not understand Yeats wanted to alter the minutes, though I knew they were perfectly correct. I had noticed that Russell was deeply hurt by this, so I really let fly at Yeats, and then stayed behind to comfort Russell, who was close to tears. "Yeats has always been like that," Russell said with a wooden face. "Always unscrupulous and always dishonest."

The following week Russell resigned from the Academy, giving as his reason that he "would have nothing more to do with us or with a country so given over to the devil." In writing to tell me of this Yeats suggested that Russell was afraid. "He is always timid before a row begins," he wrote, "though when it does he fights like a madman." I went to see Yeats and told him flatly that Russell had resigned only because of his own rudeness. (Have I said that I had no manners?) He took this rebuke from a young and unknown writer with great graciousness. "I must smooth him down," he said, rubbing his hands with an episcopal air.

Now, at this time he was reading a novel of Austin Clarke's that he admired greatly, and it happened that Clarke was a friend of Russell's, so Yeats wrote to Russell, congratulating him on having been the first to appreciate Clarke. "As usual, you were right and I was wrong," he wrote. Russell, who was pathetically grateful for any little tribute from his old friend, rushed round to my flat to show me the letter. "I think that's very noble of him, don't you?" he asked innocently, and I agreed that it was. I teased Yeats about it later, and told him I should write a story in which he would appear as a Renaissance cardinal, and he purred. "We know one another so long," he said modestly.

There you can recognize two characteristics of Yeats, the deviousness but at the same time the humility that made him take a rebuke from someone who wasn't even a contemporary, much less a friend.

But the deviousness sometimes went too far. Some years later, when I was on the Board of the theatre, Paul Vincent Carroll submitted a play which the other members of the Board considered an insult to Ireland and Catholicism. It was not shown to Yeats or myself but returned to Carroll with an insolent letter. I saw the letter in the files and lost my temper, apologized to Carroll and asked him to submit the play again so that Yeats and I could read it.

Yeats and I did not meet again until the next Board meeting. Yeats's report was read and began with something like, "All the characters in this play are corrugated iron," but it went on to praise Carroll as I felt he should be praised, and ended by offering fifty pounds towards the play's production in the rival theatre. Fifty pounds was a lot of money to an old man who made manuscript copies of "Innisfree" for five, and I began to think that he and I were at last

(Continued on page 193)



Children must learn to keep time—our time; but while they're young, we must see that they're allowed to keep their own time, too. A child seems to follow a tempo of his own—like Thoreau's man, he may hear a different drummer. Watch a mother and her three-year-old walk to the store. Her goal is the store, his is the walking: he touches every picket in the fence as he goes by. Often, of course, parents must set the tempo. But, when you can afford it, follow his beat for a while. If it slows you down, let it: you may be lucky enough to see what he is seeing.

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"Willie is so silly"

(Continued from page 191)

reaching an understanding.

Then the Secretary read my report which began, "All the characters in this play are cardboard," and Yeats started violently and stared at the ceiling. As the report went on, echoing what he had said, he began to chuckle grimly and finally leaned over to me. To tell the story properly I should have to mimic the gesture: first, the slant of the eyes, then the slope of the head, and finally the tilting over of the whole body. "O'Connor," he muttered, "I owe you an apology. I thought you had asked for the play to be sent back because Carroll was a friend of yours. It had not occurred to me that you had asked for it to be sent back merely because Carroll was being treated unfairly. It serves me right. I have lost my fifty pounds."

The whole of Yeats is in that silly little story—the deviousness, the humility, the generosity of a man who never ignored a suggestion, a rebuke, or an obligation.

This was more than you could say of his two Dublin friends, Gogarty and Higgins, who were certainly not susceptible to rebuke. I have no wish to decry either because both were true poets and both were kind to me, but when I was younger I did wonder at the fascination they exercised on Yeats. Now I can see quite clearly why a man as shy as that had to have friends who were extroverts, who walked into his room and told him dirty stories without even asking permission. His great dream must always have been to be one of the boys.

Higgins was Yeats's best friend in Ireland in the last years of his life, and some time someone will have to write the story of their relationship. I can not because I was a little jealous of Higgins. He was a huge, fat, handsome man, with a red face and lank black hair that tumbled in a long lovelock over one eye, and tiny feet that would not support his Falstaffian frame. He was an emotional, indiscreet, generous man, who was always getting hit by someone in a bar.

After spending an evening with him, you felt you had made a friend for life, but he left you, and within ten minutes was giving himself with equal generosity to your worst enemy and betraying you all over the shop. And because he was a kind and conscientious man, he kept building up a colossal sense of guilt about you, and when next you met him, you could see by the twinkle in his eye that he was wondering exactly how much you knew of the things he had said against you and what sort of plots you had thought up to get even with him.

He was an artist in plots, and, I suspect, worked hard on them for Yeats's benefit. Once, after an Academy meeting at which Sean O'Faolain and I tried to get a friend elected, we went out for a drink with Higgins, and Higgins excused himself to make a telephone call.

A half an hour later when O'Faolain and I reached Yeats's he greeted us with, "What do you young rascals mean by trying to fill my Academy with gunmen?" and we knew whom Higgins had been telephoning. "Trust you to make a friend of a man who's uneducated emotionally and intellectually!" I said, and Yeats gave a guffaw, but, as usual, it rankled, and a year later he suddenly turned on me and said, "O'Connor, you don't understand that at my age there is one thing you can not do without, and that is another man you can talk about women to." As I have said, he never ignored a suggestion, a rebuke, or an obligation—even when it had not been intended.

It was to Higgins that Yeats confided his innocent pride in being, unknown to everyone, a musician; and for years one fathead wrote what he thought were songs, the other fathead fitted them to what he believed to be Irish airs, and they got in a professional musician to take down their nonsense in staff notation. Nothing could ever persuade Yeats but that he had a fine ear—"a natural ear" as he called it, and natural it must have been, because it certainly was not acquired. "I wonder if it was anything like my singing?" he asked modestly when I told him of my first encounter with Italian folk singing.

Of course, Higgins got wonderful stories out of this little weakness. One of his best was Yeats's description of how he had seen George Sigerson put an old countrywoman into a hypnotic trance. "He asked her to stroke my face, Higgins, and say what I was, and first she said 'Poet' and then 'Great poet' and finally 'Musician.' And then, I knew she was genuine."

But it was also to Higgins that Yeats confided his little domestic and sexual difficulties. It was characteristic of his shyness that with me, except for one solitary occasion in the last months of his life, all his references to sex were almost boyishly modest—sometimes tiresomely so.

Like Swift, "I allow no man to talk bawdy to me," but I allow more latitude than Yeats ever demanded of me. One night, when we were arguing about spiritualism, I asked the usual rationalist question, "Have you ever had an experience that could not be explained in purely material terms?" It took several minutes of humming and hawing to get it out of him, and when it finally came it was like this.

"Yes. I think I can tell you, O'Connor. After all, you are a man of the world. Once I was having a love affair with a certain woman, and she said she was pregnant and that I was the father. I was very worried because I felt that if I were the father I must marry her. I came home to Ireland and confided in an old aunt. 'Don't believe a word of it,' she said. 'She's having you on.'

"Then I went to a certain famous medium, without telling her what my trouble was, and asked her to advise me. She went into a trance and produced a document that neither of us

(Continued on page 194)



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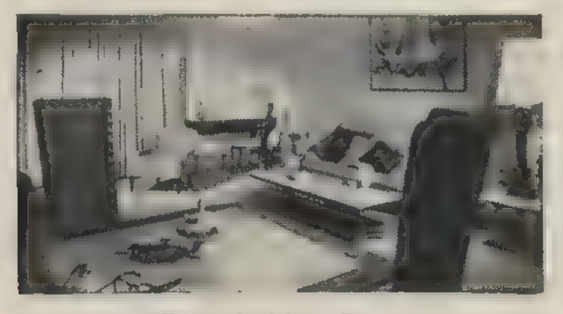


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"Willie is so silly"

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could read. Finally, I took it to the British Museum and they told me to come back in a week. When I did go back, the head of one of the departments said to me, 'Mr. Yeats, this is a most remarkable document. It is written in the form of Hebrew taught in the German universities in the seventeenth century.' "

Then Yeats looked at me triumphantly, the great head thrown back, the big, blind eyes behind the spectacles challenging me to explain that one if I could. I just waited politely for him to finish his story, but he seemed to think it was finished.

"Never mind what sort of Hebrew it was written in," I said at last. "Did it tell you whether you were the father of the child or not?"

He suddenly looked old and weary—rationalists are so hard to argue with! He folded up as he must have folded when Bax failed to respond to his reminiscence of the mattress.

"Oh, no, no," he said vaguely. "Just things like, 'O great poet of our race!' "

"Well," I said, feeling very let down after that promising beginning, "there doesn't seem much point in the spirits saying that in seventeenth-century Hebrew, does there?"

But what Yeats didn't know was that his harmless little confidences to Higgins were repeated within an hour in an exaggerated and witty way in some Dublin bar. Once, when he was telling a story about Yeats that really embarrassed me, I got up in a hurry and said, "And yet I never leave that house without feeling like a million dollars"—a phrase I had never used before and have never used since, which shows exactly how uncomfortable I felt. But the effect on Higgins was even stranger. When I looked at him, there were tears in his eyes, and he was almost weeping when he said, "And I feel exactly the same."

Yeats's worst fault was that he was a bully. It is only as I write down these stories that I realize that any human being as shy as he was would have

avoided society instead of seeking it out as Yeats did. Anyone of the kind who went everywhere and did everything, as he did, must have an overbearing streak in him, and he must have become accustomed to humiliation, whether or not he deserved it.

Once, he told me, an English peer came up to him at a cocktail party, condoling with him on the civil strife in Ireland. "You support Mr. Cosgrave's party of course," said the peer, mentioning the conservative group in Ireland. "I support the gunmen—on both sides," said Yeats, and he added with a chuckle, "Then he turned his back on me." He must have been accustomed to people's turning their backs on him. After my father, I never quarreled so much with anyone, and, granted that I was a bit in the same line myself, it takes two to make a disagreement last as long as ours.

His principal weakness was that he was easily bored, and when he was bored he became mannered and sometimes insulting. Only main force prevented him from giving evidence before the Commission on Evil Literature which, as I remember it, ran, "Why should you deprive me of evil literature, when on Sunday morning I can go out and buy the *News of the World* and read the last words of a convicted murderer, or *The Observer* and read the last words—alas! not the last words—of Mr. St. John Ervine?"

George Russell bored him, and he made no effort to conceal it. As Russell complained to me, when he overcame Yeats in argument, Yeats merely raised his hand and said coldly, "Ah, Russell, but that was before the peacock screamed," or nonsense to that effect. I think it cost him the affection of people who would have been stouter friends than some of those he made.

Otherwise, I think of him as a shy and rather lonely man who desperately wanted to make friends and was very loyal to those he made. The only person I ever heard him speak of with real malice was George Moore, and that still puzzles me. I have a suspicion that it was because Moore had hurt Lady Gregory by describing herself and her family as "soupers": Protestants who during the Famine days gave soup to starving people who were prepared to change their religion. You could say anything you liked about Yeats himself, or even his family—I did; but his toleration never extended to those he thought had injured either Lady Gregory or the playwright Synge.

I enjoyed him most when he talked about his family and friends, because then one got the cool, sympathetic humour of the born novelist. Brother, wife, children, and friends were always taking up political views opposed to his own, and he loved the clash of temperaments it provoked—not because he wasn't himself passionately involved in that public, mythmaking side of his character but because it gave the plain girl at the party plenty to do. "It's all very well for you, Maud," he reported himself as saying to Maud Gonne. "Your father was an Englishman, and he never had the opportunity of betraying Ireland. But my father and grandfather both betrayed Ireland, and it's in my blood to betray Ireland too, Maud."

"Maud was very fond of drama," he said to me on another occasion. "When John MacBride [the man she had jilted Yeats for] was executed, I wanted her to hear the news from me, so I got the British to give me a visa to France, nominally to visit the battlefields. At that time, Maud was living in a cottage in Normandy, and when I went in, there was an old nurse sitting at one side of the fire, [her daughter] Iseult at the other, and young Sean playing with his trains on the rug between them. I called Maud out of the room to tell her the news, and she said 'Not like that! Come in and say Major John MacBride has been executed by the English!' So I went in and said Major John MacBride has been executed by the English! and the old nurse looked up and said, 'May an Englishman perish for every hair of his head!' and Iseult snapped, 'Don't talk nonsense, Nanny.' And little Sean just went on playing with his trains."

But the story that brings him most vividly to my mind is one that he told me over a couple of weeks as a serial. Yeats was fascist, I was anti-fascist, and I had to threaten to resign from the Abbey Theatre Board before I got him to drop the proposal to produce *Coriolanus* in coloured shirts; and even after that he deliberately provoked me by coming out to dinner with me in a bright blue shirt. Mrs. Yeats, who was English, was a strong supporter of De Valera and hated all fascists, including her next-door neighbours whom she suspected of being Blueshirts. Now, Mrs. Yeats kept hens, and the Blueshirts kept a dog, and the Blueshirt dog worried Mrs. Yeats's democratic hens. One day, her favourite hen disappeared, and she said, "It's that damn Blueshirt dog," so she wrote a strong letter to the neighbours.

"But you see, O'Connor, the neighbours are Blueshirts, and have a strong sense of public order, and within an hour, back comes the reply, 'Dear Madam, Dog Destroyed.' (The telegraphese is clearly Yeats's, not the neighbours.') Now, George is English, and sentimental about animals, and I have just left her in tears for the death of the Blueshirt dog."

The second part of the story came a few nights later when Yeats arrived at the flat and said to me, "O'Connor, you remember the story of the Blueshirt dog and the democratic hen? The democratic hen has come back and George is overwhelmed with guilt. She wants to write an apology to the neighbours, but I say, 'It's too late for apologies, George. No apology will bring the Blueshirt dog back to life.' "

Both sides of Yeats are in that little story; the sincere and sometimes cranky public man, and the tolerant and affectionate husband and friend who, like the plain girl at the party, does not miss a single move.



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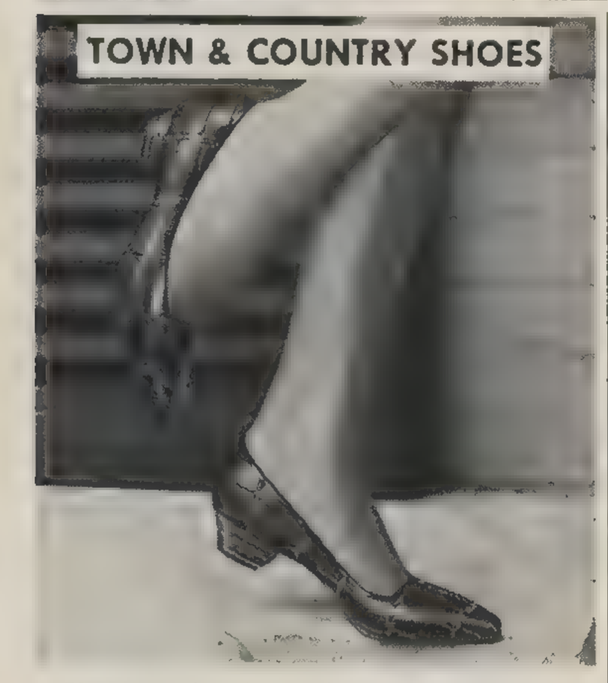
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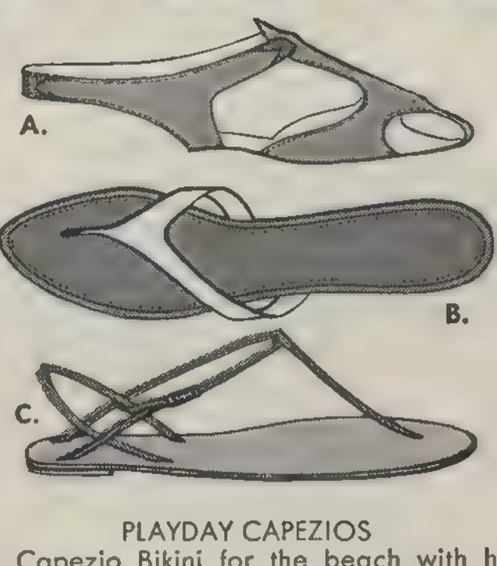


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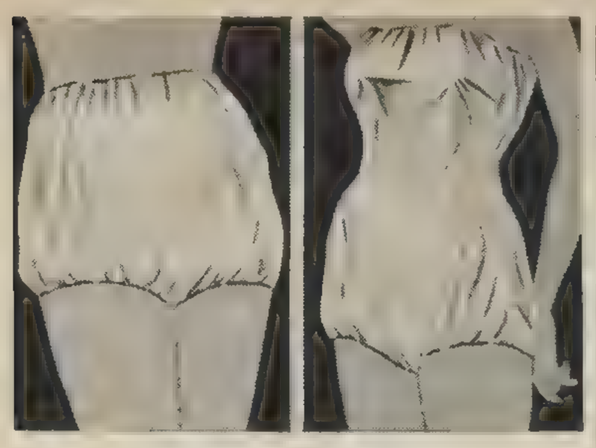
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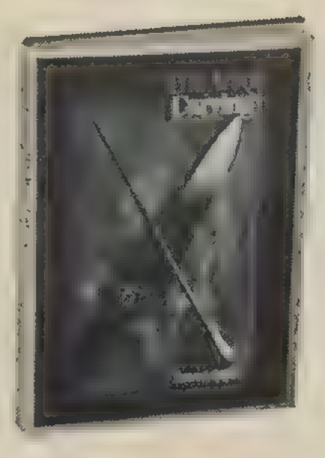
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50 children 4-10 enjoy special equipment & program to meet needs & interests of each age group. Nr. Cape Cod. Individual & group activities balanced. Nature, pets, swimming, boating, riding, trips, dramatics. **Margaret V. Hall, 24 Sunrise Ave., New Canaan, Conn.**

SHAKER VILLAGE
Teen-agers, Co-ed. A new experience in work, leisure and community responsibility. Renowned teen-age historic restoration. State age as of next July 1 and present school year. Address
Registrar, P.O. Box 1149-V, Pittsfield, Mass.

ALDERKILL
Boys and Girls 6-15. Est. 1938. Riding, swimming, shop, pets, dancing. Baseball & tennis teams. Emphasis on individual ability. Jr. & Sr. groups. 135 acres. 90 mi. N.Y. Camp open all year for visiting. **S. G. Dresser, Dir., Rhinebeck, N.Y. • 914 TR 6-4783**

TOWER HILL FRENCH CAMP
DOVER PLAINS, N. Y.
The Next Best Thing To A Trip To France.
Small enrollment. Coed 4 to 12. All sports. French spoken. Native counselors and teachers. Write: % **Lycée Francais, 3 E. 95th St., N.Y. 28.**

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Our Lady of Lourdes for girls. Acadia for boys. Ages 6-18. Two private lakes in Catskills. Riding, water skiing, all sports, trips, weekly dances, crafts. Tutoring. Resident priests, doctor, nurses. 59th year. **Rev. John G. Ruvo, 472 West 142 St., N. Y. 31.**

GREEN CHIMNEYS CAMP
Boys & Girls 2-14. Permanent buildings. Daily Riding. Swimming. Arts & Crafts. Music. All sports. 105-acre farm. Non-sectarian. Res. physician & nurse. Also winter school, nursery-8th grade. 52 mi. NYC. **S. E. Ross, Jr., M.A., Dir., Brewster, N.Y. BR 9-2996.**

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40,000 Acre Arizona Cattle Ranch. Coed 8-17
Real Western living for nationwide enrollment. Daily riding. Roundups, rodeos, gymkhanas. Happy campers keep returning. Pool 35x90. All usual sports and crafts. Caravan trip through historic Southwest. Cool, dry climate. Modern facilities of Orme School. Magnificent country. Mature staff. Strong academic program available. 36th year. Catalog.
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Boys' & Girls' Camps

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IN THE POCONOS ELEV. 1900 FT.
40th season. Prvt. Lake, 100 mi. NYC. Separate boys' & girls' camps. Fine facilities. Sabbath Services. Res. physician, nurses. 8 wks.; $750. **Louis Sherr, 1909 Spruce St., Phila. 3, Pa. N.Y. Tel.: AG 9-0517**

NOTTINGHAM CAMPS
A summer of fun & friends for boys & girls, 8-16. Riding, riflery, swimming, sailing, fishing, golf. Dramatics, music, crafts. Summer school. Near Philadelphia, Baltimore. Catalog. **C. C. Burley, Dir., Box 1020, Colora, Md. Phone 301-658-5558.**

CAMP FAIR HAVEN
$30 per week. Harrisonburg, Va. In beautiful Blue Ridge Mts. Coed, 7-15 yrs. June 19-Aug. 21. May attend 1 to 9 wks. Riding, swimming, sports, trips to caverns. Good food. Understanding adults. Folder: **Box 629V, Harrisonburg, Va.**

LONGVIEW RIDING CAMP
Modern co-ed camp on horse farm in historical Bluegrass of central Kentucky. All camp activities; riding program; swimming pool. 2-week sessions June 13-August 7. 25 minutes from Lexington. **Dr. & Mrs. Ralph Ellis, Longview Farm, Stamping Ground, Ky.**

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Hendersonville, N.C. 3 special programs: 1-month coed Creative Arts Center; 2-week pre-season Basketball Camp; 1-week Israeli Folk Dance Workshop. Regular camps for boys and girls 7-17. **H. Popkin, Box V, 1100 Crescent Ave., N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309.**

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Highlands, N.C. Highest camp in eastern U.S. Coed, ages 6-14. 8 and 4 weeks. Riding, water sports, tennis. Trips. Academic work opt. Owned, operated by Pine Crest School. Write: **Larry V. Pedicord, Dir., Pine Crest School, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.**

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Completely separate:
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ARNOLD WESTERN RANCH
Ages 8-18. Colorado Mountain ranch, beginner to advanced horsemanship, pack trips, swimming pool, most ranch & camp activity. Purposeful but relaxed program, optional summer study, nurse. Catalogue. **C. V. Arnold, 1433 Maple Ave., Downers Grove, Ill.**

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30 miles east of San Diego. 2000 feet altitude. June 20-Aug. 28, by week or season. Coed—ages 6 to 13. Well planned program includes horsemanship, swimming, archery, campfire. Member A.C.A. **Mr. & Mrs. Carl V. McCall, Box 133, Alpine, Calif.**

Write
to the camps
listed here for further
information and catalogs

Boys' Camps

CAMP ECK-O
Brandon, Vt. Boys 6-15. Proud heritage of activities leading to Physical Fitness through land & water sports, canoe & trail adventures. Outpost Camp. Tutoring. Ctlg. State age. **Mr. & Mrs. W. Mac. Eck, 22 Baker Hill Rd., Great Neck, N. Y. 516 HU 2-0981.**

KAMP KILL KARE
On Lake Champlain, St. Albans Bay, Vt., Est. 1906. 100 Boys 8-15, 3 age groups. Excellent water & land program incl. waterskiing, sailing, baseball, basketball, soccer, track, trips. State age. Bklt. **Dr. R. F. Perry, 220 Madison Ave., Box V, Morristown, N.J.**

CAMP NORWAY
Boys 6-16. Lake Fairlee, Vt. A Summer Your Boy Will Never Forget. Fun, adventure under ideal conditions. All sports. Fishing. Mature leadership. Fee $550. Separate Jr. camp. State boy's age. **Webster G. Keefe, Box 209, Somers, New York.**

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Boys' Camps

WANDERLUST CANOE TRIPS
Seven Weeks Adventure along the Allagash, Maine to Canada. Swimming, Hiking, Woodlore, etc. Terrific Fishing. Licensed Guides. Boys 12-18. Shorter trips also. Established 1930.
Wesley Herrick, Box 12, Henniker, New Hampshire.

MEDOMAK
62 yrs. of fine camping. Washington, Maine. Boys, 7-17; 4 age groups. Excellent trips. All water & land sports. Tutoring. Jr. Maine Guide. 1 mi. of lakefront. Sister Camp Medokawanda. Catalog: **H. V. Larsen, 25 Country Village Lane, Sudbury, Mass.**

HIGHFIELDS
Boys 6-16. Emphasis on leadership for a camping program of land and water sports. Special Mounties Group, ages 12-15, features daily riding, trips, care of horse. Also Group, ages 8-10. 19th Season. Tutoring. **Mr. & Mrs. Cleo V. Goderre, Union, Maine.**

HALF MOON
Gt. Barrington, Mass. 120 miles NYC. Boys 6-16. Excellent facilities. Expert counselors, coaching. All water, field sports; canoe trips; riding. Special care younger boys. Tutoring. Nurses. Catalog; give boy's age. **Dr. & Mrs. E. G. Storey, Gt. Barrington, Mass.**

NAMEQUOIT—CAPE COD
130 boys, 7-16; 4 age groups. On salt-water bay and fresh-water lake. Orleans, Mass. Fleet of sailboats, swimming, canoeing, fishing. Tennis, riflery, baseball, gymnastics. Tutoring. 40th yr. Sister Camp Cowasset. Catalog. **Brooks G. Thayer, Orleans, Mass.**

WAMPANOAG—CAPE COD
Salt Water Camp. Boys 7-15. Sailing, swimming & skiing, riding, fencing, tennis, archery, riflery, shop. Emphasizes individual. 1 counselor for each 4 boys. Tutoring. Language table. 59th yr. Bklt. **Mr. & Mrs. H. V. Watson, Rt. 2, Reeds Ferry, N.H.**

FOREST LAKE CAMP
Rustic camp on Adirondack lake with wide range of sports and hobbies. Overnight canoe trips, trail riding, fishing, golf, tennis, water skiing and science program. Small groups. Tutoring. Est. 1923. Boys 6-16. **P. V. Confer, 27 Baltimore Ave., Massapequa, N.Y.**

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT
Fun and adventure for boys 7-18. Six age groups, 2 private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse & canoe trips. Riding. Forestry, riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature councilors. Nurses. 40th year. Booklet. **William H. Abbott, Box 2375, Fayetteville, New York.**

MOMOWETA
Boys 5-15 at Mattituck, L.I. Sailing, fishing, riflery, tennis. 20 game baseball sched. inc. trips to R.I. & Conn. Water skiing. Overnight trips. Prot. & Cath. services. 3 wks. $200; 6 wks. $385. **Jim V. Mulvihill, 41 Union Ave., Islip, L.I., N.Y. Tel: 516 JU 1-3799.**

CAMP TIMLO
Trout Lake, L. George, N.Y. Boys 6-16. 4 groups. Sailing (trips, regattas). Land, water sports; swimming, tennis, riding. Campcraft, trips. Tutoring. CIT. 31st yr. Pine Log, sister camp. Catalog; state age. **Mr. & Mrs. Barr V. Morris, Diamond Point, N. Y.**

POK-O-MOONSHINE
Adirondack lake camp 5½ hours from N.Y.C. An educational experience. Boys 6-16, four div. All sports. Trips; hiking, canoe. Natural science program. Tutoring. Incl. fee. 61st year. Catalog. **Mr. & Mrs. Jack V. Swan, 416 Depew St., Peekskill, N. Y.**

CAMP RONWOOD FOR BOYS
ON SCHROON LAKE, NEW YORK
Superb waterfront, sailing, water skiing, crew, riding, golf, tennis, track, canoe and hiking trips, all land sports. Sister Camp—Camp Rondack. Catalog: **137 Oak St., Dover, N. J. (201) 366-1345.**

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On Beaver Lake in the Adirondack Park. Boys 6-16. All swimming activities, canoeing, sailing, tripping, riflery, outdoor science, camping skills, crafts, tennis, riding.
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"Tennis Training Center", Blairstown, N. J. Boys 10-18. 3 or 6 wk. sessions. Daily instruction, supervised practice, match play. 14 courts, pool, gym, golf, theatre. Owner: Chas. G. Lundgren, professional coach. Write: **Box G, 153 Franklin St., Bloomfield, N. J.**

FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS



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FARRAGUT NAVAL CAMPS
Box VC, Toms River, N. J.

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Boys 5-16. Genuine outdoor living in mountain camp on private lake. New Milford, Pa. 47th yr. 825 acres. Daily riding, complete course in horsemanship included in $695 fee for 8 weeks. 40 camp-owned horses. All sports. 3 age groups. Personal development our aim. Booklet.



Kenneth V. Schroder, New Milford, Penna.

Boys' Camps

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Outstanding Science Program. Pocono Mts. 90 boys. 6-16. Chemistry, Biology, Photography. Build radios, electronic gear, make auto repairs. Wood, metal shops. New pool. Sports, karting. **Dr. F. V. Brown, 17 Doxey Drive, Glen Cove, N. Y. 516 • 676-2190.**

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One of the finest in southeast. All land activities, boating, canoeing, swimming. Nr. famous Greenbrier Hotel & Homestead. In Allegheny Mts. at 2500'. 7 wks. $425; 4 wks. $250; inc. riding, laundry. **John C. Worth, Box 1332, Charleston, W. Va. 25325**

CAMP CHARLEVOIX
A character camp for boys 7-16 in No. Michigan. Dude ranch. 40 horses. Rodeo, western cowboys. All sports. Riflery. Sailing fleet. Trips. College staff. No hay fever. 40th year. Write **K. V. Smith, 1922 Beaufait Rd., Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan.**

CAMP NORTHWESTERN
Boys 8-15. Sail, swim, boat, fish, water-ski on magnificent L. Geneva. A.R.C. awards. Golf, tennis, soccer, riflery, baseball, riding, archery, crafts. 22nd yr. Tutoring. Member American Camping Association. Catalog. **43 So. L. Shore Dr., Lake Geneva, Wis.**

DEERHORN
RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN BOYS 7-16
All Land Sports. Sailing. Water Skiing. Pack Trips. Canoe, Houseboat Trips. Mature Staff. Excellent food. 36th Season. Booklet. **Dr. & Mrs. Don V. Broadbridge, 42 Edgemere Rd., Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.**

CAMP EASTON FOR BOYS
Ages 7-16. Ely, Minn. Estab. 1927 in Superior Natl. Forest. 5-day trips in World's Great Canoe Country. Sports, crafts, riflery, archery, nature, skiing, swimming, sailing. Sauna. Mem. ACA. Nurse. Catalog. **Douglas V. Bobo, 420 W. Chicago, Buchanan, Mich.**

VAGABOND RANCH
Granby, Colorado. Boys 12-17. 19th year. Riding, pack trips, geology, climbing, skiing, work program. Trips Northwest, Sierras, So'west. Caravan West in June. Separate travel program girls 14-18.
Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Pavek, Washington, Conn.

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Riding — Every boy has a horse — Fishing, Mountain riding, pack trips in the Colorado National Forests, rodeos and sight-seeing trips. Boys 10-17. Chuck-wagon kitchen. June 30-August 18th. Write **Quentin V. Felch, P.O. Box 158, Idledale, Colorado.**

MC McFARLAND'S RANCH
Boys Program

Western Ranch life where each boy takes part in ranch operation. A program of work and adventure under competent leadership for boys 9 to 17 in the magnificence of Glacier Park. Riding, fishing, swimming, river float trips, hiking, pack trips. Arranged groups leave New York and Chicago end of June. Tutoring available. Brochure—Box 565, Kalispell, Montana 59901

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AN IDEAL VACATION

Fun, adventure, friendships. Emphasis on correct posture, good health, character, neatness, courtesy. Exceptional recreational, housing, dining, health facilities. 1400-acre wooded campus. Land, water sports, SCUBA, water skiing. Classroom instruction for credit, non-credit. Scholarships. NAVAL & HORSEMANSHIP SCHOOL (boys 14-18). THEATER SCHOOL (coed 16-21). WOODCRAFT CAMP (boys 9½-14). Catalog: 310 Lake Shore Place Culver, Indiana

Any of the schools, camps, or travel groups listed here will gladly give you further information. Letters mentioning VOGUE will receive special consideration.

Girls' Camp



OGONTZ
WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP
For girls 6-17. On private lake near Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. Swimming, sailing, water skiing, golf, riding, tennis. Arts & crafts, nature study, dancing, music, dramatics. Outdoor cooking. Mtn. trips. Tutoring. Rustic cabins. 750 acres woods & meadows. Excellent food. Expert staff. Special program for juniors. 43rd yr.
Miss Frances F. Josey P.O. Box 85 Abington, Pa.

Girls' Camps

SADDLE RIVER RIDING CAMP
Sterling, Mass. 50 girls, 9-16. 8 weeks: $750. incl. daily riding; individualized instruction. Jumping; shows; indoor ring. Pool; strong swim prog. Arts, crafts. Trips. **Mrs. Henry Hulick, Sterling Jct., Mass. or N.Y. area 'phone 914 SCarsdale 5-3046.**

CAMP FERNWOOD
In the Berkshires. Since 1924 a fine camp for girls 6-17 at Hinsdale, Mass. All sports. Riding, drama, music, dance. Private lake. Neat screened cabins. A staff member to each 4 or 5 campers. Catalog: **Mrs. Caroline V. Sheehy, 117 Clark Rd., Lowell, Mass.**

QUANSET SAILING CAMPS
Cape Cod camp for girls 5 to 18 featuring daily sailing on beautiful Pleasant Bay. Races, Water-skiing. Tennis, Crafts, Archery. Riding included in fee. 4 age groups. Adult Sailing School June & Sept. 61st year. Catalog. **F. G. Hammatt, South Orleans, Mass.**

COWASSET—CAPE COD
The Seashore Camp. Fleet of sailboats, swimming. Riding, archery, tennis, crafts, music, dramatics. Tutoring. Log cabins in spicy pines. Ages 6-16. 4 groups. 50th year. Brother Camp Namequoit. Catalog. **Mrs. Alice G. Peat, Holbrook, Mass.**

SEA PINES CAMP
Girls 5-18 have summer fun on historic Cape Cod. White sandy beach. Sailing, Swimming, Water Skiing. Land sports. Dancing, Riding, Crafts, Dramatics. Music. Trips. Tutoring. Rem. reading. 59th yr. Bklt. **Esther Spargo Walp, 410 Fourth St., Marietta, Ohio.**

AVALON
A Salt Water Sailing Camp on Cape Cod. 90 girls, 8-15. Fun & relaxation, individualized program, experienced staff. Daily sailing, swimming & tennis; also golf, riding, life saving, sports, trips. **Mr. & Mrs. W. V. Winkler, Avalon, Chatham, Mass.**

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Specifically for OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 12-18
J. V. Spargo, M.D. • F. P. Heald, M.D. • P. S. Peckos, B.S., Nutritionist. Camp on waterfront estate. Beach, pool, sailing, scuba, sports, cultural activities along with grooming, nutrition re-education. Medical care, individual counseling. Winter follow-ups. Est. 1959. Member A.C.A. Brochure: **John V. Spargo, M.D., P.O. Box 377, E. Brewster, Mass.**

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Washington, Maine

Adventure in the Maine woods for girls 6-17. Swimming, sailing, canoeing, water skiing. Tennis, golf, riding, archery, trampoline. Nature, crafts, drama. Two and three day river & white water canoe trips. Deep woods camping. Tutoring. C.I.T. Brother Camp Medomak. Catalog. **Harry G. Larsen, 25 Country Village Lane, Sudbury, Massachusetts.**

SEAL BAY BAR HARBOR REGION OF MAINE GIRLS 7-17



Class A camp on private salt water bay; daily riding under expert instruction, sailing, water-skiing. Red Cross Waterfront, tennis, dramatics, dancing, music, excellent French program. Ask about tutoring services. Booklet.
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35 Stroudwater Rd., Portland, Me.

kiniya On a Bay of Lake Champlain in Vt. Girls 6-17

VERMONT 47th Season. Riding for every girl every day—wonderful trails—own stable. Sailing, swimming, canoeing, water skiing, tennis, archery, riflery, crafts, dramatics, dance. Give age. Booklet.

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Superb riding, tennis, water sports, golf. Protestant & Catholic services. Winter Ski School. Inquire:

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GIRLS 6-16. 60TH SEASON
ON BEAUTIFUL VERMONT LAKE

Riding—our own schooled horses, drills, trail rides, expert instruction. Swimming, waterskiing, canoeing. Tennis, dramatics, crafts. Sailing. Snug log cabins. Four age groups. Limited enrollment assures individual attention. Fee $650. Booklet. State age.
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Girls' Camps

BROWN LEDGE
Mallett's Bay, Vt. "One of America's finest camps". Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Waterskiing, sailing, golf, drama, crafts, trips. Leadership Course, girls 16 & 17. No "extras"! Give age. Bklt. **Mrs. H. E. Brown, 81 Tilden Rd., Box V, Scituate, Mass.**

TEELA-WOOKET
The Horseback Camps of Vermont. A glorious summer of riding, fun! 3 age groups. Water sports, golf, tennis, archery. Drama. Tutoring. Trips. $445-$595. Outfit rented. Also Idlewild for Boys. Bklt. **Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Hayden, Box 156-V, Wellesley Hills, Mass.**

GAY WINDS RIDING CAMP
Barnard, Vermont. 20th yr. Girls 8-16. Features a horse for each girl. All phases of horsemanship, jumping, trail rides, trips, swimming, sports. Two plans; 7 wk. season, all inclusive fee. **Beatrice Howe, I the Orchard, Kenwood Station, Oneida, N. Y.**

HOLIDAY HILL IN VERMONT
Craftsbury Common. 80 girls 7-17. Congenial cabin living. Stowe area. Daily riding, care of camp stable. Sailing, water skiing, tennis, arts, dance, mt. trips. CIT program. **Josephine Willard & Dorothea Loewel, Dirs., 55-C Locust Ave., New Rochelle, New York.**

BEENADEEWIN
On Lake Fairlee, Vt. Girls 6-17. Friendly, happy camp. Well-rounded program. Riding, sailing, waterskiing, tennis, trips. Accredited tutors. CIT Program. Mature staff. 52nd yr. **Mr. & Mrs. P. V. Richwagen, Jr., 103 Luquer Rd., Port Washington, N. Y.**

BUFF LEDGE
Milton, Vt. Daily riding. Equitation, jumping, horse shows. Superior waterfront program; swimming team. Dramatics, golf, tennis, riflery, trips. All-incl. fee. 100 girls 7-18. On Lake Champlain. **Mr. & Mrs. M. W. A. Hunt, 81S Tilden Road, Scituate, Mass.**

FIRE PLACE LODGE
Salt Water Camp for girls 5-18, East Hampton, L. I. Swimming, sailing, navigation, water-skiing. Excellent riding program. All land sports. Dramatics, music, fine arts. CIT. Tutoring. 30th yr. **516 EA 4-4823. Mrs. A. V. Purcell, East Hampton, L. I., N. Y.**

JEANNE d'ARC
Girls 6-18 enjoy fun & friendship in Swiss chalets. On Adirondack lake. Individual program. Sail, swim, water ski, trail ride & camp on island outpost. All land sports. Tutoring. Stimulating leadership. $625. **Col. & Mrs. C. V. McIntyre, 1199 Park Ave., N.Y. 28.**

THE ELMS ON KEUKA LAKE
Camp for Girls 8-16. In the famed Finger Lakes. Fine accommodations. Experienced staff. 6 wks. season. Featuring water skiing, sailing, swimming, competitive swim team & tennis. All incl. fee. Ctlg. **Mr. & Mrs. R. V. George, 630 E. Lake Rd., Hammondsport, N.Y.**

ECHO CAMP
Camp fun in Adirondacks on beautiful Raquette Lake for 90 girls. All the usual camp activities with riding, tennis, sailing, water skiing and trips. Excellent food and supervision. Fee $495. Booklet. **Mrs. Carlton V. Clough, Pleasantville, New York.**

PINE LOG CAMP
Lake Luzerne, N.Y. 43rd yr. Girls 6-16. Sailing (trips, regattas) & riding featured. Water skiing, tennis, hiking, crafts. Tutoring. CIT. Cabins. Brother camp, Timlo. Catalog; give age. **Mr. & Mrs. Barr V. Morris, Diamond Point, N.Y. 518-668-5026.**

CAMP RONDACK FOR GIRLS
ON SCHROON LAKE, NEW YORK
46th year. 150 girls, 7-16. Superb waterfront, sailing, water skiing, 9 hole golf, riding, arts, tennis, gymnastics, music. Brother Camp—Camp Ronwood. Catalog: **137 Oak St., Dover, N. J. (201) 366-1345.**

CAMP WA-KON-DA
Girls 6-16. On Lake Chautauqua, Stow, N.Y. Swimming, sailing program. Red Cross regulations. Water skiing. Riding, tennis, dramatics, dancing, crafts. Experienced staff. Folder: **Marie V. Barry, Henrietta V. Straub, 20 Lexington Ave., Buffalo 22, N. Y.**

LONGACRES
Riding Camp East Aurora, N.Y.



Beautiful mounts. Training in jumping, showing, caring for horses, pleasure riding. All camp sports. Swimming, crafts. 8 weeks and less.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kranz
55 Radcliffe, Buffalo, N.Y.



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CAMP FOR GIRLS

On beautiful Lake George, Glenburnie, N. Y. Mile-long private shore of protected coves, sandy beaches. All water sports at their best. Scenic view from spacious cabins in 95-acre woodland campsite. Little theatre—professional staff. Riding, riflery, tennis, arts and crafts. 3 age groups, girls 6-17. Resident nurse. Brother camp nearby.

Mr. & Mrs. John V. Donat, Dirs., Mohawk Trail, Charlemont, Mass.

Girls' Camps

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS
Deer Isle, Me. "Where French is Fun." Imaginative program. Girls 5-18 learn fluent French the conversational way. Live in Swiss chalets. Riding, sailing, tennis. Ballet, art, drama, music. **Mrs. Elsa V. James, 1024 Westview Ave., Phila. 19, Pa.**

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ROCK RUNN RIDING CAMP
Girls 6-18. Exceptional instruction for trail, hunt & horse show. Beginners' mounts and hunters. Excellent training in oils, nature lore, ceramics, dancing, swimming, tennis. Tutoring. Chester Co., Pa. **Mrs. John Barton Ziegler, Box 22-V, Pottstown, Pa.**

TEGAWITHA
Camp for Girls 6-16. Atop the Poconos. On private lake. All land sports, swimming, riding, dramatics, dancing, crafts, tutoring. 8, 4 wks. Private Catholic chapel. 48th yr. Catalog. **Mrs. James P. Lynch, Dir., Camp Tegawitha, Box V, Tobyhanna, Pa. 18466**

PINE TREE CAMP
Pocono Pines, Pa. Sun, fun and happiness since 1911. Girls 5-17. Mature leadership. Tennis, field sports. Active waterfront—sailing, swimming meets. Excellent riding, camp and outside horse shows. **Mrs. Charles R. Fox, 510 Darby-Paoli Rd., Paoli, Pa.**

CAMP STRAWDERMAN
In Shenandoah Valley of Va. Real camping on farm in foothills of Alleghenies. Riding, swimming, hiking, crafts, dramatics, nature study, Indian lore, dancing, music. Girls 6-18. Experienced leaders. Cabins. 8 wks. **Margaret Hoffman, Box V, Woodstock, Va.**

KEYSTONE CAMP
For girls 7-17. In the mts. of N. C. at Brevard. 3 weeks $215; 6 weeks $425. Enrollment limited to 80. Swimming, canoeing, skiing, tennis, riflery, trips. Riding. CIT. Catalog: **William E. Ives, Dir., 4640 Tanbark Rd., Jacksonville, Florida.**

CAMP MONTREAT FOR GIRLS
In Blue Ridge Mts. Fun & Christian fellowship. Girls 7-17. Riding, sports, swimming, canoeing; drama, arts, crafts. French, Spanish; typing. June 16-July 14; July 15-Aug. 12. 8 wks. $400; 4 wks. $250. A.C.A. Catalog. **Mrs. Fred P. Turner, Montreat 4, N.C.**

TON-A-WANDAH
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C. GIRLS 7-16
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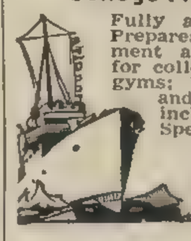
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Private Line from London

By Virginia Cowles

The Englishman is a peacock, and I think I know why—why he looks so elegant in his grey topper, his pink hunting coat, his maroon and green and blue velvet evening jackets; why he wears ties specially designed for him and sews coronets onto his underpants; why the tailors of Savile Row, the hatters of St. James's, the shoemakers of Dover Street, and the shirtmakers of Jermyn Street continue to do a roaring trade through the centuries.

Clothes are so poignantly associated with his schoolboy struggles that they never cease to have importance for him. The moment he goes to a Public School (not public at all but private and expensive, the equivalent of Groton, St. Paul's, et cetera) clothes assume a baleful meaning. Eton boys still attend classes in white ties and tails, while Harrow boys wear dark-blue blazers and straw hats so shallow (winter and summer alike) that not only elastic bands but consummate skill is required to keep them on. This fancy dress is regulation; all deviations must be earned either by athletic prowess or by the long climb up the school ladder. For instance, when an Eton boy makes "Pop," the exclusive club which virtually runs the school, he is allowed to sport fancy waistcoats. (And he makes sure they really are fancy. I saw one being made in a tailor's shop—pale-blue satin with red and green birds embroidered on it.)

At Harrow the heroes of the cricket eleven are allowed to discard their cream-coloured straw hats for smart speckled-grey boaters. Two yearers can keep the buttons of their blazers undone, three yearers can wear flashy socks, sixth formers can dress as they like in the evenings, school monitors can sport black top hats on Sundays. And so it goes on, with clothes denoting status every inch of the way.

The clothes consciousness that this inspires makes its impact on the home. Mothers suddenly find their sons more tiresome to shop for than their daughters. I am one of these. For instance, I used to regard buying a boy's shirt as a simple operation. But now, when the shirts arrive, faces fall: "But the tabs of the collar should be round, not pointed! And you can't call those lines *stripes*. We want real stripes, half an inch wide and preferably black!"

Shoes are even more trying. When the salesman displays his wares, a mulish look inevitably crosses my boys' faces. Afterwards they explain. "But the toes were almost square. We don't want winklepickers, but you must have a bit of a point." Then it transpires that what they really crave are Chelsea boots—the sort that come up to the ankles, no laces, but elastic inset on both sides.

There is always a silver lining; in this instance it is in the shape of Blades, a gentleman's tailoring shop which has been opened on Dover Street by an enterprising pair of Old Etonians, Mr. Rupert Lycett-Green and Mr. Charles Hornby, both of whom are in their middle twenties. Although they were at school at the same time, they didn't become friends until they joined the army and went to Germany. Rupert was demobilized first, and after one or two disappointments with made-to-measure suits, he welcomed Hornby back to civilian life with the idea of starting up on their own. They persuaded Eric Joy, one of the best cutters in Savile Row, to join them. They charge £50 a suit and like to have a month to make it in; but if anyone is in a rush they can produce it in a week. Mr. Lycett-Green thinks that 15½ inches is the right width for trousers; that a simple line (no padding, no pinched-in waists)

(Continued on page 206)



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Private Line

(Continued from page 205)

is what the young want. Evening clothes, however, are more spectacular. He has made himself a black silk dinner jacket with collar and lapels edged in black braid.

The Public Schools, by the way, are under heavy political fire here. The Labour Party has said repeatedly that it intends to destroy them as a bastion of "privilege." The Labourites claim that too many graduates find their way effortlessly into top jobs in politics, finance, the civil service, and the professions. "Not effortlessly, inevitably," a Conservative muttered to me the other day. "If you can survive an English Public School, you can survive anything. You either emerge squashed for life, or so cunning and adaptable—not to mention tough—that nothing can balk you."

I saw what he meant, for I'll never forget my initiation—the day my eldest son went to Harrow, and the housemaster flung open a door and said: "Here's his bedroom." It was a room for three, so small that when the beds were let down you couldn't move unless you were skilled in the standing jump. The décor was scarcely inspiring: curtains covered with ink, dung-coloured walls, torn linoleum. But the worst was the bed. The springs were broken and sagged in the middle like a hammock. "He won't sleep a wink," I wailed. "And imagine having to take a cold bath every morning." "He's in luck," my Old Harrovian husband countered cheerfully. "We used to have to do an hour of schools before breakfast. Now they're mollycoddling them and letting them eat first. And did you notice the central heat? That's pretty good. We used to spend half our time lighting coal fires."

Otherwise, my husband admitted, things have not changed much. The boys still run the school, making the rules and administering the punishments; and the food is just as indifferent as it was in his day, with prunes and custard appearing indefatigably at the midday meal. Once, he told me, when this particular dish had been proffered five times running, the Head Boy was asked to say grace. He shut his eyes and murmured: "From what we have just received may the Lord deliver us." However, it is customary for the parents to step into the breach and to provide enough cash for the boys to invade the tuckshops and stoke up on eggs, chips, beans, and steaks—whatever *they* may be.

Also, the fagging is the same. When the swells entitled to have fags shout "Boy," all the young ones in the house come racing down the stone stairs (since their rooms are always at the top), and the last one to arrive is assigned the chore. It may be cleaning shoes, or delivering messages to other houses, or fetching grub—almost anything.

However, there have been *some* changes. When Lord Byron was at Harrow he used to make up his own rules. If he fell in love in the holidays, he simply didn't turn up the next term. Only when the affair ended did he resume his studies. That sort of thing would be frowned upon today. Even the Head Boy toes the line and does not insist on the perks rightfully his. According to the school statutes, he is still permitted "a wife and two children."

* * *

The Queen of England is owner of the most fabulous private collection of pictures in the world. It consists of over 4,500 paintings and 20,000 drawings which were acquired by her forebears and handed down through the generations. For centuries these works of art adorned the various royal palaces and were seen only by relatively few people.

When the present Queen came to the throne she decided to create a gallery in Buckingham Palace where exhibitions could be arranged for the public on the foundations of the Palace's private chapel which had been demolished by a bomb in 1940. The first exhibition was staged in 1962.

Now, hundreds of people are streaming into the Queen's Gallery to see the newest exhibition—a magnificent collection of Italian works of art ranging from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. The Gallery itself is one of the most enchanting rooms in London: small and cosy with ruby-red walls and a white and gold ceiling.

The display is breathtaking: superb drawings by Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael; wonderful paintings by Canaletto, Titian, Zuccarelli, Bassano, Correggio. Dominating the scene is Charles I in white marble who gazes over the room with an air of unmistakable superiority. And no wonder, for he was the first great British connoisseur of Italian art.

The Queen takes an intense interest in her collection and is impressively knowledgeable about it. Occasionally at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace she takes her guests on a tour. "She is the best guide I have ever had," a friend told me, "with every date at her fingertips and a fund of fascinating stories."

* * *

The Queen's interest in painting does not extend to music. As a result the Royal Box at the Covent Garden Opera House is rarely occupied by members of the royal family. Instead, the directors of Covent Garden are allowed to use it more or less when they like. The two men who take advantage of this most often are the Earl of Drogheda and Mr. Jack Donaldson.

Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson entertain every week at Covent Garden, and anyone lucky enough to be one of their guests will understand why Edward VII was such a persistent operagoer. The box stretches far back and is equipped with sofas and easy chairs; adjoining it is an anteroom where supper is served. If the opera has three intermissions you start dinner in the first with smoked salmon; in the second interval you probably have chicken en casserole, and in the third cheese, coffee, and brandy.

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